

**CHARLES W. APLIN:
AN OLD TIMER OF LAS VEGAS
THE NEVADA HIGHWAY DEPARTMENT
AND NEVADA FRATERNAL ORDERS**

Interviewee: Charles W. Aplin

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Description

Charles W. Aplin arrived in Las Vegas, Nevada, in 1905, a young man of eighteen years. At that time, Las Vegas existed mainly as a tent city; the Los Angeles-San Pedro-Salt Lake Railroad had only recently established the site as a station on its route. Aplin quickly associated himself with the growth of the town, serving as a teamster or drayman, as an odd-jobs worker, and finally as a carpenter and painter. He convinced his parents to move to the new city from California, and thus they also became pioneers in southern Nevada.

The family members were builders of southern Nevada in the most basic sense. In his middle years, Aplin gave up his painting and carpentry contracting business to take a position with the Nevada state highway department—a career he followed for twenty years, retiring in 1962 at the age of seventy-five.

Through all of his adult life, Charles Aplin found pleasure and satisfaction in membership in a number of fraternal orders, particularly the Eagles lodge. He was always an active participant in the organizations, holding offices and, in later years, he was awarded life memberships in recognition of long years of service. He also served a term as city councilman and ran unsuccessfully for mayor of North Las Vegas.

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An Oral History Conducted by Mary Ellen Glass

University of Nevada Oral History Program

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PREFACE TO THE DIGITAL EDITION

Established in 1964, the University of Nevada Oral History Program (UNOHP) explores the remembered past through rigorous oral history interviewing, creating a record for present and future researchers. The program's collection of primary source oral histories is an important body of information about significant events, people, places, and activities in twentieth and twenty-first century Nevada and the West.

The UNOHP wishes to make the information in its oral histories accessible to a broad range of patrons. To achieve this goal, its transcripts must speak with an intelligible voice. However, no type font contains symbols for physical gestures and vocal modulations which are integral parts of verbal communication. When human speech is represented in print, stripped of these signals, the result can be a morass of seemingly tangled syntax and incomplete sentences—totally verbatim transcripts sometimes verge on incoherence. Therefore, this transcript has been lightly edited.

While taking great pains not to alter meaning in any way, the editor may have removed false starts, redundancies, and the “uhs,” “ahs,” and other noises with which speech is often liberally sprinkled; compressed some passages which, in unaltered form, misrepresent the chronicler’s meaning; and relocated some material to place information in its intended context. Laughter is represented with [laughter] at the end of a sentence in which it occurs, and ellipses are used to indicate that a statement has been interrupted or is incomplete...or that there is a pause for dramatic effect.

As with all of our oral histories, while we can vouch for the authenticity of the interviews in the UNOHP collection, we advise readers to keep in mind that these are remembered pasts, and we do not claim that the recollections are entirely free of error. We can state, however, that the transcripts accurately reflect the oral history recordings on which they were based. Accordingly, each transcript should be approached with the

same prudence that the intelligent reader exercises when consulting government records, newspaper accounts, diaries, and other sources of historical information. All statements made here constitute the remembrance or opinions of the individuals who were interviewed, and not the opinions of the UNOHP.

In order to standardize the design of all UNOHP transcripts for the online database, most have been reformatted, a process that was completed in 2012. This document may therefore differ in appearance and pagination from earlier printed versions. Rather than compile entirely new indexes for each volume, the UNOHP has made each transcript fully searchable electronically. If a previous version of this volume existed, its original index has been appended to this document for reference only. A link to the entire catalog can be found online at <http://oralhistory.unr.edu/>.

For more information on the UNOHP or any of its publications, please contact the University of Nevada Oral History Program at Mail Stop 0324, University of Nevada, Reno, NV, 89557-0324 or by calling 775/784-6932.

Alicia Barber
Director, UNOHP
July 2012

INTRODUCTION

Charles W. Aplin arrived in Las Vegas, Nevada, in 1905, as a young man of eighteen years. At that time, Las Vegas existed mainly as a tent city; the Los Angeles, San Pedro and Salt Lake Railroad had only recently established the site as a station on its route. Mr. Aplin quickly associated himself with the growth of the town, serving as a teamster or drayman, as an odd-jobs worker, and finally as a carpenter and painter. He convinced his parents to move to the new city from California, and thus they also became pioneers in southern Nevada. The family members were builders of southern Nevada in the most basic sense. In his middle years, Mr. Aplin gave up his painting and carpentry contracting business to take a position with the Nevada state highway department—a career he followed for twenty years, retiring in 1962 at the age of 75. Through all of his adult life, Mr. Aplin found pleasure and satisfaction in membership in a number of fraternal orders, particularly the Eagles lodge. He was always an active participant in the organizations, holding offices and, in later

years, being awarded life memberships in recognition of long years of service. He also served a term as city councilman and ran unsuccessfully for mayor of North Las Vegas.

When invited (at the suggestion of representatives of the University of Nevada, Las Vegas) to participate in the Oral History Project, Mr. Aplin accepted readily, asserting, however, that he should have submitted to such interviews some years earlier, before he became what he called “short-minded.” Such “short-mindedness” is only little apparent in Mr. Aplin’s memoir; he showed an enthusiasm and ability for recall. There were four taping sessions held at Mr. Aplin’s home in North Las Vegas, February 26, 27, 28, and 29, 1968. Mr. Aplin spoke from memory or from notes, and was a cooperative chronicler of events in which he had been involved. His review of the resulting script brought no significant deletions, and the addition of the tribute to his friend, A. H. Scott.

The Oral History Project of the University of Nevada, Reno, Library (formerly in the DRI Western Studies Center), preserves the past

and the present for future research by tape recording the reminiscences of persons who have figured prominently in the development of Nevada and the West. Scripts resulting from the interviews are deposited in the Special Collections Departments of the University of Nevada libraries. Charles W. Aplin's oral history memoir is designated as open for research.

Mary Ellen Glass
University of Nevada, Reno
1969

MEMORIES OF MY LIFE IN LAS VEGAS

My great-grandfather on my father's side was born in Sheffield, England, and my great-grandmother was born in Shire, Ireland; and my father was born in Plover County, Wisconsin; and my mother was born in Wright County, Missouri. My father and mother were married in Visalia, California, in 1885. My three sisters and one brother was born in Long Beach. Mary Clark, the oldest, was born in 1888; and Amy McConnell in 1889; and Arthur was born in 1900; and Edith in 1901. Arthur and Edith are both dead some thirty years.

My father took a job painting the San Gabriel Mission just out of Alhambra, and my father and mother stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Chet Gilbert, an aunt and uncle of my mother's. And, so it happened that on March the 30, 1887, I was born. The doctor, Arthur W. Holland, brought me into this world, and after going back to Long Beach in 1887, we lived there until 1903. Then, in 1903, we moved up to Los Angeles and lived there until 1905.

In 1889 my dad had a job painting the school building that was in Long Beach. That

was in Long Beach. That was before we left there, you know. The building was down on Sixth and Pine Streets, in Long Beach. And I helped on the inside and out. One Sunday I went up on the roof looking for some stuff that I knew was up there—which I had no business to, but I did. The gutter was about three feet from the edge of the roof and it gave way and let me fall some twenty-five feet or thirty feet into a pile of sand. I got up and hollered and hobbled around, and some old man told my dad how I had fell. I had a nice brown spot on my hand over the two weeks or more.

Mrs. Lucy M. Powell had me do all the drawings on the blackboard in the different [school] rooms for all the local events that took place. She was as nice a lady as you would want to meet. One fine woman. I went to the sixth grade there, and when I moved to Seventh and Atlantic, and left there in 1903, to [go to] Los Angeles. My dad had a job of painting several large school buildings there. We stayed there until 1905, when we moved up to Las Vegas.

Before we came out here [Las Vegas] in 1905, I and a friend, a lad named Charles W. "Creepy" Frazer, whose father was superintendent of maintenance of way of the railroad—the San Pedro, Los Angeles, and Salt Lake railroad—we came out here on November 21. It was on a Thanksgiving, and we stayed here until December 15 and left for Los Angeles. Then I told my dad of the possibilities of this Las Vegas. From what he had read and seen in the paper, he sent Mr. Chet Gilbert and a man by the name of Ed Shields, and they took the old Spanish Trail to get to Las Vegas, and stayed in the town of Goodsprings. In the morning they come on into Vegas, and after looking things over, they came back to Los Angeles after some two weeks, and told my dad, "The kid is right." And from then on, he made arrangements to move up to Las Vegas and we landed April 2, 1905. We camped in tents along the creek with dozens of other people who were doing the same, and we stayed there until after the lots had been auctioned off on May 15, 1905.

Then we moved up to the Main and Bridger Street and there we built a large hall for the furniture store and a home. That building still stands. We give dances in this hall; they was given by the Eagles, put on by the Aerie—there's lots that I'd like to say at this time but I dare not.

There's a two-story building known as the Bank building at First and Fremont Streets where sixty-two charter members [Eagles] were to be signed up. The way some of them tried to climb the back steps after what they had gone through the night before, was beyond me. I would not say that they were drunk, but they drank probably as much as somebody else. After they had signed up some thirty-odd names, they took off for lunch and were called back at one o'clock, and told to be at the railroad freight shed at one-thirty,

Friday. And after the institution of the officers and its members, the officers elected at this time were Fred L. Fallas, chaplain, and the junior past president was Dr. Keys, and Dan V. Noland was the vice president, and Peter Archibald, and the secretary, I. W. Bodkin; the treasurer was Harry M. Lillis; and conductor was Harry Beale; and arm Prof f and Henry A. Farrell for the rest of the term. The outside guard was Jack J. Tuckfield and the inside guard was Harry J. Crane. The physician was Roy W. Martin, better known as Dr. Roy. These officers were all installed on September 15, 1905, and the Eagles had the distinction of being the first fraternal order.

At this time, I wanted very much to join the Eagles, but I was only eighteen. I may have looked a little bit older but my dad did not want me to join—maybe to keep tab on him, I guess, I don't know. Anyway, it was against their rules at that time. You had to be twenty-one years old.

So I continued to handle the transfer business and hauling the mails and merchandise. Then on July 4, 1906, was one of the best picnics I ever saw. These men were all Eagles except Mr. John S. Park, an Indian, and myself. And Mr. Harry Blanding, who was a butcher and an Eagle also, had furnished all the tables, and Dr. F. D. Hicks and G. C. Tooley hauled all of the furniture and lumber and stuff there. The carpenters who built the tables were a Mr. J. H. Goode and H. P. Crahm. The cooking was done by Mr. Roy Taylor, the Indian, and myself. People, counting the kids—there was some argument about the number of people there. There was about 385 pounds of meat and the trimmings and everything that was contributed. It was a meal good enough for anybody. A Mr. Charles W. Crowley and Henry H. Farrell furnished a keg of beer, and a Mr. J. J. Tuckfield furnished over eight

cases of soda water for the kids and some of the grownup ones, too.

Mr. John S. Park established the First State Bank in Las Vegas. He lived over on the old Kyle ranch, and sent a halfbreed Indian named Jim Wilson, who was a brother to Tweed Wilson, with thirty-seven large watermelons, and bread and buns were furnished by Mr. Ed and Mr. Frank Clark of the Clark Forwarding Company. There were five women and four men who put on this meal. During this picnic, the Eagles had taken in fifty-four new members, as of February 1, 1907.

Well, anyway, when we came out here, this Creepy Frazer and myself, I had seen what went on around here and liked it, and we had quite a lot of fun, the kid and I. His dad bawled the devil out of us because we were staying out of school so much. And when we went back, he just told us, "Well, you've been out here long enough, you better go home." So we left here, I think about the sixteenth or fifteenth of December to go back again. I told my dad what the situation was, and this man Chet Gilbert, he was an uncle of my mother's. And he came out here, as I told you before, with this fellow, Ed Shields. They come out here, and, after looking the place over, he come back like I told you; he said, "Well, the kid's right." So then, we come out. Instead of coming back by the way they did, we came to San Bernardino and then took the short cut. Instead of hitting the old Emigrant Trail, we come down through to Baker, and then went straight across, you see, straight north, and then took across from there and come around by Ash Meadows—that way. We had two wagons and we had a bunch of stuff. The other stuff we had to send out, but we couldn't, out in the car, because they dropped it down there at Jean somewhere. Well, that wouldn't do us any good up here. So they just said, "Well, we'll go ahead and put in what we can,"

and we put two mules in the other car, and a bunch of furniture, 2nd they held it down at Jean, I think for two days, and then brought it up here. And young Chet Gilbert said to me, "Well, the best thing for us to do is to go down and get the stuff." Instead of coming back and following along the railroad, we took and went back to Goodsprings and then come back that way, just a little way out of Goodsprings—we took right up north and come in back—that old road is probably closed up now, but that's the way we come in. Landed here and we went down to the creek, camped along the creek, and stayed there, I think till after the sale of the lots.

There were dozens of people that camped along there. They were in tents. They were scattered all along the creek. And this Mr. R. E. Lake, he had a barber shop put in there, with a couple of barrels to catch the water, and pump it in. You paid thirty-five cents for a haircut and twenty-five cents for a shave and twenty-five cents for a bath, a couple of towels, and all that stuff. It all went together. But they were camped, I can tell you, all the way along. And I guess there was probably 150 people there—that's a lot of tents. I know there was at least that much because they run all the way from the old ranch clear on up to Main Street. In fact, part of them was across there with J. T. McWilliams, on the "old side" they called it. Von Tobel had just come in and put a little lumber in the old lumber yard over there. So we took some lumber, there, and we built this place. We started about the latter part of June or July to open that up.

At this time most of the places were in tents. Bronislaw Lewandowski was of Polish descent, and he run a hotel at Tule Springs. John F. Miller had a hotel in a tent. Later on he built the Nevada bar and hotel, and later, the Sal Sagev.

When we started there in Las Vegas, I went to work. After landing here, my dad had

contract for hauling the mail and stuff. I was working for my dad, you know, hauling the mail and one thing and another. At the end of the trip, and take an old pushcart from John Miller's hotel and go up and pick up the mail and bring it down where the post office was at. The first post office was down at the old ranch. And we moved up on to the back of what they called the Kuhen building. That's where the bank was situated and the post office.

I just thought that as long as I'm going to have to work, why, I'll do what I can. I was pretty nosey, too, when I was a kid; I knew what was going on, I knew everybody that came in on the train because I met 'em there—hauled their baggage and stuff. It was not like it is now, they pay you off—and Miller didn't pay me nothing, I just done it to help him out. When they asked me, you know, what place to go, I told them, "We've got the Miller Hotel or Nevada Hotel and we've got the Las Vegas Hotel. Now pick your choice."

And they said, "Well, who you working for?"

I said, "I'm working for both of them. Don't make any difference to me." So we let it go at that, and we'd haul them there.

Along about the middle of July, the railroad had started the building of sixty-five company cottages. And then my dad and I, through a contract with the company—they furnished the material and we did the work on the buildings. Of course, the main building was built afterwards—after the rest of the cottages were built. I think we got the contract because another firm in San Bernardino figured that job, but I think they were fifty cents more on the house than we were. Ours was three of them for \$100 and they had three houses for \$101, so they gave it to us. They furnished everything.

We managed about two of those houses a week, with three of us working, you know,

at the same time. But when they got a bunch of workmen like they had there, why, it didn't take long for us to do that. Maybe two a week was what we was doing there. We done most of it by hand. I used to run the old pump myself.

Of course, we got a little bit on the side. I shouldn't say it but the stuff we didn't use, the railroad company didn't know they were giving it away, but they give it to us anyway. It wasn't any crime committed—we earned it. I think we started about the middle of July—June or July—but I think it was the middle of June, and we finished it up the fifth or sixth of April the following year—the sixty-five cottages. We were tied up by the rain and one thing and another, and we couldn't work for a couple of months. The carpenters didn't do nothing so that made it bad for us, too. I've done lots of work for lots of people in this town. Besides that, I've found time to run all over this state. I liked to fool around over the hills, looking over the prospects of old mines and looking for minerals I might locate myself. And one of the first chances I had, I went out to the old Colorado River with George E. Lane and a young lad named Ernie Fluckinger. We located four claims, and we worked on the four claims, and came back to Vegas a month later. We had located four claims and had to do all the assessment work on the property. After a year I went back out there again with a man by the name of Judge Elberly Hall, and a half-breed Indian, Frank Francis, and Ernie Fluckinger. We had dug a tunnel some twelve or fifteen feet in, and the work on the other claims to do.

We had left a wagon and a horse at the old Fort Callville Wash, and the Indian, Frank Francis, and Ernie left me there, because the old man, Judge, had took sick and left for Las Vegas. He had got drunk in bed and had burnt himself so bad that he died a few days later. I waited for Ernie to return and he did not.

Now, all I had was a can of pork and beans and a can of tomatoes. Indian Frank had told me that it was just eighteen or twenty miles due north from these claims to St. Thomas. I made up my mind to take a chance, so I took a small canteen of water, and left there at four-thirty or five o'clock and walked until dark. The next day I came to Glendale. It was some thirty-three miles north and about twenty-eight miles from St. Thomas. I took a train for Las Vegas and found out all about this whole thing—about how the judge and Ernie Fluckinger were drunk and they threw him in the jail.

Later I had made several trips down to the river. On a trip with Ernie, we built a raft and a sixteen-foot boat and started down the river. Old man Warren Lester had taken up the fort and we had to leave our burros at the Indian place one-half mile north of the Las Vegas wash. Coming down the river it was rough, and we had to tie the raft to a burro and it went fine until the rudder on the barge broke and it took the burro down the river about where the old dam is now. I got ashore, and we went back a little later when heard that Frank Francis's wife had died. She was not his wife by law—she was the mother of Harry and Ralph Bowers of St. Thomas. Old man Robert Bowers was of English descent.

When Dad and I came to Frank's place one and a half miles up the river, and four miles from Callville Wash on the old fort, Dad and I came across a fellow who had been shot through the neck and almost tore his head off. I had heard of the half-breed Indian, Queho, who had killed two men and a woman in Goodsprings, and, later on, two young kid—from Searchlight and a woman from Nelson. It was the first part of September and this man did not look like he had been shot too long before. I sometimes think Frank might have had a little hand in this himself.

Frank Wait and Joe Keith, this half-breed Indian, and myself went down the river looking for him. The first sign of him was—well, we were about a mile and a half above the old Fort Callville Wash in a small canyon. Harry Bowers did not want to look any further for Queho. He had just left a nice bed of warm coals but we did not find him. But Joe Kieth and Frank Wait found his body, or what was left of it. Some fellow was prospecting along the river and told Frank and Joe about it, and they brought him and the stuff up to the old Helldorado grounds. I heard later on, that some of the stuff was stolen. Frank Wait, Ernie Lake—better known as "Spud" Lake—and I quit then.

In October, 1907, I left here to go over to Beatty on a rigged-up bike, with an extra wheel on the other side of the rails; and a Mr. Lee Redman, who was transferred to Goldfield later, bawled the dickens out of me for using the railroad as cheap transportation.

I've been all over this state. All those ghost towns there. What I did like about going to Rhyolite later on was looking around for bottles, ore, you know, what I could find. Well, after meeting a fellow up in there by the name of Clarence Chowder—that's a funny name for a man. Clarence Chowder was a great friend of the guy that operated the warm springs, down there at Tecopa. He told me, he says, "If you want any bottles," he says, "I can show you where there is some." Well, her name was Thomas—the one that had the "bottle house" there in Rhyolite. So, she told me where to go, and I went down in there, and it was an old mining camp. You know, you'll think it's funny, but those restrooms they had out there, you know, the toilets—some of them had big holes. We took and knocked one of them over and you'd be surprised what we got out of some of them old places. These bottles here didn't come from there. They came from

different places. I've given a lot of that stuff away, you know. Another place that I run into some of that was out at Tonopah. Now, this is going east of Tonopah, and you hit that old road that takes you up into Carlin, up north from there. There was a fellow by the name of Johnny Chambers, we were looking for rock and stuff, you know, and also for bottles, looking over the dump.

But I was telling about Rhyolite, when I rode my bicycle in there that time, in 1907 it was. Oh, hell, I guess there was close to three thousand people at that time. Then, of course, most of it was in tents, but there was a lot of nice buildings built there later on. When I went into that place, they was just working on some of those big buildings. As f told you, my first trip in there was when I came in riding the bicycle—attached to the railroad tracks, you know. And this fellow bawled the devil out of me, using the railroad's equipment to get in and out of town with. But he didn't bother me. Later on I went in there and drove a team in then. I helped a fellow by the name of Earl McDonald, who had the stage, took to hauling the stuff with Frank and Ed Clark, at that time. I used to get out with a .22 rifle and hunt rabbits along there, you know, and at the same time be looking for ore and whatever I could find.

I will tell some additional adventures that I had up in Rhyolite. I had been asked by a man by the name of Westmoreland to do over the old depot there in Rhyolite, and my wife and I and the kids went on up to Rhyolite and I stayed, I think, a couple of weeks looking over the property, and one thing and another. That depot had never been done, I don't think, only lust half ways. And this Westmoreland had me do a lot of the work inside. After it was open, I went back and he told me the reason he put those coyote hides and stuff up on the wall was that the people wanted to know what he

ate here. And he reached up and he said, "We ate those things up there."

And the tourist said, "What are they?"

He said, "They're just coyotes, that's all."

Later on that was made quite a divorce colony. In other words, they came out there and established [residence)—about six months at that time, you had to be here. And he had quite an attendance coming in from California. The depot was never used as a depot. It was built up for that, but it had never been used for that, because the city folded up about the time that the depot was completed. That sounds funny, but it's the truth. But there was the old bottle house there. People used to go down there all the time and look over that old bottle house. This was in Rhyolite; built by Jim Ladd.

My wife couldn't bring home any of the bottles. She looks around and picks up colored bottles and stuff off the desert. You know, just to pass the time away—she couldn't do any painting, so I let her run all over the desert—her and the boys. And I—I don't—it was one of those things. It was a nice place to go to and a nice place to hunt for stuff. I still like to go back there—I do for a fact, I like to go back over that place where I've been—time and time and again. All the way from Rhyolite going south until you hit the California line. I even done all that work for the state out there, and I like to go out there yet. As old as I am, I get a kick out of going out there and going around through those places.

When I went up there, working for the state—I shouldn't say it—they were paying me to go out there and do the work, but this was work I was doing. I was working way down in the lower part of the place looking around for bottles and stuff. And I had a lot of fun. I used to work like mad and when I would get this done, what I was supposed to be doing, then I'd just go to the side of the road and look for bottles.

Well, I've been in Greenwater, but that was quite a while ago—an old mining camp. We went down there and looked the place over and at that time they didn't have water in there. The water had to be hauled in there, just like it was hauled into Rhyolite in the early days. But this water was hauled in there—we went up to one of the springs where they got it in from, and brought it in from, what they call Ash Springs; it was up on the hill going on in—out at Greenwater. I think they were getting fifty cents a barrel for that water—they were hauling down in there. When you got through washing the dishes and stuff like that, they put the water outside for some of the old prospectors to wash their hands in. Now, that's the truth—they didn't throw it away. You had to wash your hands—you didn't drink it, but you washed your hands and face in it. That's the truth. Fifty cents—I think it was fifty cents for a gallon of water. It was almost as expensive as whiskey! It was hauled in there, you know, with four burros, and I think four barrels of water was all they could haul. Small mules is what they were—not much larger than an ordinary burro.

Don Ashbaugh come out with an article in the paper one time and asked where Sunset was. Well, I just so happened to be coming out of Searchlight one time, looking for ore and one thing and another—it was an old mine down there. I had went down there with an attorney by the name of M. C. Thomas. He was an attorney in this town. Well, he took us down there to locate this property at that time. And there was a half-breed Indian there—I forgot his name now. But in going down, this passenger train didn't stop at Nipton—they stopped back at this place called Lyons, you know, a little town called Lyons. It was on the line they called "Lyons." But we stopped there and then we waited until a freight came along—oh, I guess it was an hour and a half

or two hours later—and hopped it and then got off down at Nipton. It stayed there until midnight—it was funny, but it waited there until midnight—left there to go out and locate this piece of property out there. Offhand I can't recall the name right now—this was an old mine in there; we had located it and came back on into Nipton. But while I was there, this half-breed Indian told me about a piece of property that was located over there by some miners that came out of Nelson in the early days. Part of it was supposed to be turquoise that the Mexicans had located years and years ago.

Don Ashbaugh asked me if I knew where this place, Sunset, was. I says, "Yes, I do. It's just a small place—has probably about five or six small cabins in there and some old tents and stuff. And had rocks throwed around up to keep wind from blowing the stuff down." He wanted to know how this place was named "Sunset."

I says, "Well, T was told at that time that—it set right in the east end of the valley and right down in the canyon, and when the sun come up it shone down through there, and they called it 'Sunset' from then on." Don thanked me for it. I have been all over that property since, found several pieces of ore.

As I've said before, I have traveled all over this state. I got a hobby, and I like to do it. I've got stuff scattered all over. Yes, I've got horse shoes and harnesses I found out in what they called "Forty Mile Canyon"—up in through there. Now that stuff was dumped there by the pioneers going through there—years and years ago. I've got big horse shoes there, that was made over in the blacksmith shop in 1911 when I worked over there, just a short time, running a steam hammer in the shop—the blacksmith shop, under a man by the name of Art Gilbert, and young Gill Turner, and those different boys. I started to do that myself, at

night; and I took the horse shoe and pounded it out, and then put another horse shoe around the bottom. And then in the middle x let a piece of cord hang down and made a knocker out of that. You can use it—it sounds—you can hear it all over this house. I made that and several other things.

Now I'm getting old and short-minded, and I can't help it, but it's the truth. So many things have happened. If I had taken this here [interview], oh, say, fifteen or twenty years ago, it would have been better. But since then and since I've had these accidents, it's kind of tough.

Well, in the early days in Las Vegas, I should say there were thirty-five or forty saloons uptown—most of them were above Fremont, north. And there were a few of them over on Second Street. And two or three of them on North Main Street—up beyond where the old Overland Hotel sets, and that was about a block beyond where the old hospital was. I had known a man by the name of L. A. Wynnaught, who at that time had been president of the Eagles about, I think 1908 or '09, '10—along in there somewhere—and he got tired of working around, so he took to delivering the beer truck. He said around that time there were around thirty-five or forty saloons in town, because he'd made these deliveries and stuff. Then he had his own beer place that he had to take care of. I do know that people that lived here in the early days, most of them lived in tents and stuff. They used to build their living tents, you know. When we lived down there after moving across from Main and Bridger Streets, why, we moved over there on South Second Street and we had a tent put up there. We had the horses out there, and the flies—well, you could hardly get into the tent, you know, on account of the flies, and we was trying to build this place, too. Well, that way people had—

most of them—their own water because they had fenced that in from the spring up here, you know. But they didn't have any coolers or electric lights at that time, you know. So they'd make a cooler out of a square box as a rule, with blankets over it and around the edge of it. Then up above, they'd have a piece of metal there up over the top of it and then the blanket would stick through that metal and they'd fill it up full of water and let that seep down through. Well, that's what kept the food cool. They even used that up here for years and years later, till they finally come out with coolers. That's what they used in the early days. It's the truth. People probably wouldn't believe that because they'd say, "Well, how the devil—?" But they did do it, just the same. I can show you pictures I got in there, of one of the coolers in operation. A fellow took over the one I built down there on South Second Street. It's hard to believe when you know how hot it gets down here. Now that Mrs. A. H. Williams will tell you the same thing. She's this woman that I've known for a long time—she's an old timer. Of course, she didn't come here till 1908. Then at the same time they were using them [coolers], she was making her own biscuits, you know. And all she had to do was add water to the cooler, and she said she could use that, you know, if she had a cooler made here in town to take care of all that stuff she'd bake. And that's the truth—I know. Lots of people done the same thing. You never had anybody come out and tell you that they would rather have a cooler at that time than one of the refrigerators, because one of the refrigerators was clean and everything, but what they put in there they knew it was going to keep cool. That's right, and as long as they took a little trouble to fill it with water, but things kept cool—I'm not kidding.

But I started to tell about the saloons. My dad—I think it was during the first railroad

strike—we had a bar up there—it was just cinder blocks. The first one on the corner was the Star Saloon that belonged to Victor Matteucci. Now this is all just on the east side of the street because the other side was vacant. That's why they had the fence up along there. The other side was reserved for the tourists coming, I don't know. This side here on the corner was the old Star saloon. The next big building was the Arizona Club. And the next big building was the Arcade. And then there was a building there that belonged to Art E. Locker; but then the next building was our building. And that was built in—I think it was in 1905, the latter part, and finished up—I think the early part of the next year—February or March, or somewhere along in there. I would tend bar in there with my dad at times. And I'd been out—like I tell you—I'd been out on the Colorado River and I came in there one time, and I was tending bar for my dad and I had a lot of bottles and stuff stuck up in the front part of a case that we had there. You see, the beer all come in kegs. We had tap beer, but most of it, it come out of kegs. You know, bottle beer, whichever you liked, bottle beer came wrapped in a case. Well, anyway, Sam Gay come in there at that time, you know, and he set there. And there's a Mexican had a fight in the place. I says, "Well," I says, we're not going to have any trouble in here." I said, "Sam, let him go over next door." So finally, they wound up over there in the Arizona Club. And I reached up in this place—this cabinet up here—to get some stuff in there that I wanted to bring down, and a miner says, "Why, you can't reach that." (One of the fellows been out in the hills.)

And I says, "Oh, I can reach it all right," and I stepped up to get it and brought it down. When I did, I stepped on his foot and made him mad. Well, we went to grappling—and I grabbed him, you know, and he busted that

finger (middle finger, right hand], in there at that time. It twisted right off like that.

So then we come on uptown later on, and on the very corner—the door this side of where we had—it was operated by a colored woman. And then, another fellow there that I met down at Long Beach in 1904—he come up here. George Washington—ain't that a funny name for a colored fellow? Well, he killed a fellow in there. What he did, the guy started to come in the door and I am going out. I went down there with another fellow, Ernie Fluckinger, him and I had been down in there, and this colored guy was setting up there at the table gambling—this George Washington. He come in there, you know, and I had already closed the door—thought maybe we were going to have trouble. But what he did, he jumped up and went around the bar—this half-breed Mexican, you know. He come in there and he started to come in the door, and just as he did I put the stick down—you know, when you used to put it across—and just started to put it in when he took it out of, knocked it out of my hand, this fellow did. And he had a—looked like part of a pick handle, you know, a pick—a prospect pick's what it was. He was coming in the door. Well, this colored guy shot him right at that time. And I said, that happened right on the front porch of the saloon, and they had, oh, attorneys here defend him and one thing and another. He got out of it all right. And then, of course, there were a lot of saloons uptown, up on Fremont Street, you know. One of the busiest saloons uptown for a long time was the old Nevada Bar—it's the Sal Sagev now, but it was the Nevada Bar at that time.

Well, then, on the other side, down there was the old Las Vegas bar, and that was up next to the corner—the corner of First and Fremont, right there on the very corner, and they used to call it the Pioneer Club, though,

next to that—that was quite a corner, right next to Beckley's place at that time. And the next one was down on Second—on the corner, there, where the Apache Hotel is. Then, across on the other corner was where—the building that belonged to Griffith—which belongs to the Golden Nugget, but at that Nugget, but at that time, the post office went in there and then that was converted into a saloon and they done quite a bit of business in that place. In fact, I seen a guy hit in there. Outside of that, I don't know how many saloons all over the town—out on the Strip and everything else. There was an awful lot of saloons in this town. An awful lot.

I was going to tell about the prostitution in Block 16. I done the work on the Arizona Club when it was built. The girls upstairs—I think they had seven or eight rooms upstairs—and downstairs on the outside was a place for bowling. You know, they had two alleys for bowling in there. And along in a line—in back of most all of the saloons in there—in the back of the place where I was—my dad's place, they had a place in there for four or five girls. And then, in back, across the alley, I was in there one time and I seen a—and this is the truth—we come out of the old Arizona Club, and like I say, Sam Gay was the sheriff at that time, and he had trouble with some Mexican. And he hit the Mexican with a—the Mexican come at him, rather. Sam didn't have any gun on him, and he was up at the bar there having a drink, which he shouldn't, but he was. And one of the guys back up like that, and when he hit the table, it broke one of the legs off. Well, Saw was just ready to hit him with this chair leg, which he did. And at the same time, some guy come in the back door of the Arizona Club and said that there was a guy stabbed over there at the saloon in back of it. They called it the El Centro—in a tent then. And there was a big, old wood stove, I

guess possibly three or four feet across it, you know, and went straight on up with a smoke stack. But they had this stuff fixed so that you couldn't get up to the stove—around it they had wood built up high. Well, we started to go in this place, why, this other fellow coming out—as he did, why, this other fellow shot him, and we went over to see what it was. And that was one of the times that the fellows went over to the hotel that Charlie Squires had, the Las Vegas Hotel—it was about a block and a half away from there. And then Sam Gay found out about it, you see. And he goes back over there. Sam didn't go with us coming over, he was having trouble with this guy in the saloon, you see. When he goes out of there—when he hears about it, then he goes up to this fellow and he took him out and put him in jail. Well, of course, the jail at that time was out here in North Las Vegas. And it was about where Mesquite is there now—a little old wooden building setting there, you know. And he put him in jail there.

Did I know any of the girls in these various places? No, but I got acquainted in this corner saloon there with one of the girls in there. Ernie Fluckinger and I was in there chewing the rag with them—they had stuff to eat and one thing and another—and talked with them. But this one woman in there comes up and she called me—"Curley" all the time. Well, I don't know what—maybe she was after some money, I don't know, but I didn't have any to spend anyway. And she says, "Well, anytime that we can do you any good," she says, "why, let us know." But that's the only woman I think I ever talked to for any length of time. Of course, she liked to play cards. We set down and we played a game of pinochle, you know. Played with three hands—I played with one hand wild, which we could do. But that's about the only one that I did know there. But I've heard lots of comments on some

of the girls that did work there because the women across the street would see that. The girls would go uptown and set there, up at the old Majestic Theater. They had a section in the side there where they'd come in—there'd be probably ten or twelve in a group come in there. They'd all come in by themselves and set there—and never bothered anybody, just like the colored people did down at the old El Portal. They had a certain section and went in there and never bothered. And when the women come to find out they said, "Well, that's funny thing, that they allow the girls to do things like that up in there."

"Well, they're not hurting anything," we said, "as long as they behave themselves." And that's the truth. That was the business they were in, and they got along fine.

In 1910, I had to take mail from Las Vegas to Caliente during a washout. In making this trip, I was swore in by the postal department and also the city—deputized. The road was washed out from Rox all the way up to Caliente. Rox is about twelve to fifteen miles north of Caliente on the railroad. That's as far as we could go. Well, I made this trip and delivered the mail up there, and going up I had met this woman there, at a place called Keef on the railroad. This woman there—Ella Knowles—was taking care of this crew that they had working there. Well, when it happened, why, they all left and had a couple of boxcars along the road there that had fruit in it. And they opened the door to let it out. There were orange peels all the way along for a mile that had come out of there. What they had done, they opened the doors—to get a little coolness. I think maybe somebody broke it open, but, anyway, it was left open. And I guess for a mile or a mile and a half on each side, but mostly on the south side, was orange peelings. I met this woman and told her I had to go to Caliente. I had to walk from there

on, you see, back in again. Coming back, I got hungry as the dickens. I picked up some potatoes—french fries, I call them—along the railroad, and they were dried out, and had been there since the washout, but I was hungry and I picked them up and ate them. I ate 'em because I was hungry. I ate three or four oranges. And then, later on, I came back and delivered this mail. Now the reason for doing that was the lines was all down on the railroad.

In the latter part of 1910, John Chambers and myself went to Salt Lake City. I got a job up there working for a man by the name of Al Jukes. I think he was one of the elders of the church at that time. And he knew people up there, so I went up in there. They wanted the work done and it was something to work. First, it was in the Temple, that's the place right back of the Tabernacle itself. The Tabernacle had walls eight or ten feet thick. And up top—and in the back of that was a baptismal room, and then they had a tunnel that went from the Temple into the—you went from the Tabernacle into the Temple itself. Lights were burning in there. I had no business going around, but I got in there and looked around. I even cut some pieces of cowhide off of the timbers. There wasn't a nail in it, in that whole ceiling. And it was all put together with heavy timbers, rough, wrapped with cowhide, and I cut strips about an inch and a half wide, that I could put in my pocket and tell how I got it to friends of mine down here.

I got through with the job there, and, after that, I went to work on the Temple itself. They wanted the Moroni statue done, on top, and for this Al Jukes had furnished the material. I think it took 108 books of metal to cover that statue. It's got a horn of plenty out there, you know—heeded east a little bit, I think it is, southeast. It was headed toward the bank, and right below that is where Brigham Young's

Temple—I think it's on North Temple and Main Street—that's the way it is. And then there's West Temple, East Temple, North Temple. I done them a real nice statue, as I say, and it took about 108 books of metal to do that job. I think they paid me \$88.00 for doing that job at that time, and it took me about two weeks to do the job.

And then, later on, Johnny Chambers and myself got a job putting some slate on the Oregon Shortline depot. They were building it up at that time. And a fellow by the name of Alvin R. Johnson, who had done the metal work on the roof, wanted me to do the painting for them. I says, "Well, all right." Afterwards, I took a job for Johnson, doing the painting on the roof up on the south side, up on the roof—I wrote my name on the roof—C. W. Aplin and Chambers, May the 7, 1910. That's what I put in there.

And then, my brother Arthur came in from Vegas. He come in there and he wanted me to put him to work somewhere. Well, the only thing I could find for a job for him was from the Sweet candy people. Sweet's, or MacDonald's candy people who had a place in there—one of the two. "Well, all right," he says, "I'll just take the job." And then afterwards, when we quit that job there at the depot, why, then John and I got a job and we went to work on the Denver and Rio Grande railroad. We was out there for awhile and my brother come out there, and stayed two or three weeks and then he got disgusted.

Well, then my mother came here, you see. I said, "Maybe he'll go back to where she is and stay with her, which was all right. So John says, "Well, if he's gone, what you going to do?"

I said, "I'll stay another week and then we'll go back," which is what we did. Well, I went back and he got a job working for a brick outfit. And my brother got the measles, and

you know, I hate to say this about it, but we weren't Mormons and we couldn't very well get any services. Of course, I look at it that way. He passed on with the measles, and that made my mother mad as the dickens, so my dad came up there. See, my mother and father were separated. And, when this happened, my father come up there, so then him and her came back to Vegas again—made up again. My brother died there—he's buried in the Mount Olivet Cemetery in Salt Lake City.

Like a chump, I didn't ask for the fare—I jumped on the rods and rode the train and come back by myself. It was just one of those stunts, but I did it anyway. And, after coming back to work here, back to Vegas again, I went to work back out on the river again, doing prospecting.

Then I went to work on a large building—I think it was on South Main Street, between Fifth and Sixth South. I think it was either the Bamberger or the Boston building, across from the post office there. I worked for a fellow by the name of James A. Waters. And, in going down from the eighth floor to the seventh—we were doing the windows, and he evidently didn't tie off and make the hitch right, and it broke. Well, I was setting on the plank, and I grabbed around the stirrup to hold myself, and the plank went out from under me. And then I dropped down when this piece went out—I couldn't hold it alone. So I dropped into a pile of cinders, right up close to the building. Arid the other fellow died right away, quick. He hit right on that concrete blacktop. I was in the hospital for about three weeks or four weeks—something like that. And when I came out, I told this fellow about it, this fellow that hired me.

He said, "Well, maybe we'll have to sue the insurance company for it, because, after all," he said, "we do carry insurance." Well, I think there was about \$1,300, and I believe

close to \$800 for the hospital ward. So that's what I got out of that. And that happened in the latter part of 1910. It was right about the middle of September.

One time I was going to Kingston. Going up there, we'd only gone half a mile off from the road—wasn't that far off—and Tom said, "What the hell is that laying over there?" It's just like that person that was killed over here on the old Charleston Road, over there. We went in there and Tom Keeler said, "This looks like somebody got foul play." We pulled up and sure enough—he'd had a knife stuck right in the middle of his back. The knife was still there. Tom says, "I didn't think it was here, myself." But we went on up and come back and reported it, and finally one of the boys from Vegas come on out—and this was about 1934 or '35, somewhere along in there. I kept a scrapbook on some of these things. It says here:

. . . Along this road, soon after passing a deserted house, you will come to what remains of the Kingston—a place where tragedy struck back in the 1920's. There is a little left today. On one side of the road you will notice the remains of a community hall, with concrete steps leading down to the cellar. Tom Shields remembered it well, climbing down the steps, he said, "Once there was a lot of people here in the valley. They held dances here in the hall." (Which I know is the truth.) And then he walked across the street and examined a few other cracked boards. He had been there a while. "There had been a little store here," he said. "It is where they killed a man named Funk. (His name was Elmer Funk—he was an old friend of my dad's.) But by that

he didn't mean the Valley people; he meant two strangers—a young man and a young woman who passed through one day and stopped to get gasoline for their car. Finding Funk an elderly man, alone, they decided to take everything else in the place, stripping the store of groceries. . . and asked for money. Dissatisfied with the small amount Funk possessed, they commenced to beat him. He lived long enough to describe his assailants, but they were never caught.

Well, that was the truth. I can tell you that I've been there, to the house that Elmer Funk had and my wife has 1-no. He had a station out in front, and he had a place in the back here, but they wrecked everything.

Tom Keeler, he was a great friend of mine—he worked for Pop Simon. He'd been all over this country and he told me, "If you want to come out here," he says, "to the place, fine and dandy." So I went up there to the Christmas Tree mine—Pop Simon owned that mine at one time and hired Tom to work it. So he says, "I want to take you up and show you it." So I went there.

I worked for the old May Kirby mine myself—run the hoist around there. That is, I guess, five or six miles out of Goodsprings, headed over the same road that goes into Sandy—about half way between Goodsprings and where this Barefoot Mill is. Tom Keeler told them not to go up that draw—to that May Kirby mine, because it was graveled and the road was bad, and there wasn't anything—and it was the truth. I can tell you, I went up there and I drove. I think it was four men and myself, and we had a fellow by the name of Phil Springer, who was justice of the peace in Goodsprings years and years ago. I didn't know, but his boy, Phil Springer, I went to

school with him, down in Long Beach, years and years ago.

Well, I come up here, and this old man Springer was over in Arizona. Well, he come to work over here, and he got a job hauling ore from the May Kirby mine into Jean, at that time. They had me doing the work of four horses around there, and then I had to do the cooking for them. Then, later on, before they got a cook in there—it was only a couple of weeks, but I done the cooking. And then, later on, they sent a young fellow out there to do the cooking, from out of Vegas. He looked like about a half-breed Chinaman, is what he looked like. I think he was. He had eyes like a Chinaman.

Anyway, he took over, and then I went to work with a fellow by the name of Elmer Kieth. And we done a tunnel in there—sunk a tunnel on the south side of the wash. We went in there about sixty-some-odd feet in this tunnel, before we finished it. But up over the hill was the Kingston mine—up over the trail—and they had to put a tram in there, and worked that for a long, long time. In tact, they hauled a good many tons of ore out of that place, you know, and shipped it.

Phil Springer's dad hauled the ore back. We didn't have any water there, so he brought the water in and up this wash—and then he'd bring the groceries and stuff—and then he'd take the ore back and haul it into Goodsprings or into Jean.

You'd be surprised, though, that same road today—I don't think it's any better, although I think it's a good graveled road. Well, that's just like going over to Kingston Valley. When you get beyond that mine, you hit the California line and from there on, there's nothing; they didn't do anything with the road.

When I was over there, visiting John Chambers and the boys—you see, John Chambers was the nephew of these two boys,

these other two boys. The old man [Chambers] he run everything around there. He wanted to run the whole valley himself—that was the old man. Chambers and this fellow, Lou Summers, he had most of the property over there and Chambers took advantage of it, see, and drove him off. The one I went with, young Johnny, he was the nephew. I met the old boy himself. He told Johnny that there was only one place that he hadn't been, and that was over at Horsethief Springs. He said, "I'll go over there myself." He said, "I'll take over." Well, he surely did. He headed right up and he run this fellow, Lou, out. I do know the place; I've been there, myself. In fact, in this same property I mentioned out there, young Johnny Chambers told me that him and his nephews had buried some stuff in there. Well, I went out with an old blacksmith, Joe Laravey was his name.

Joe Laravey—he's an old, old Eagle, and a blacksmith here for years and years. In 1905, he used to shoe horses down in a tent on South Main Street. In fact, I helped him out myself—I had two mules myself. Well, him and I went into this place and looked around, and I showed him where the stuff was hid at the old Horsethief Springs, and we come back out. Now, this is south of what we called the old Johnny mine, see. It's quite a little ways south. Well, anyway, we went in there and he said to me, "Well," he said, "there's only one thing left for us to do," he says, "and that is to go up to the springs and get some water for tonight," and we went on up there. There's no water there except for this spring, and that's about—oh, I guess a mile further from the old camp.

Johnny says, "In this place, here, somewhere around here," he says, "my uncles, John and Billy, had buried some stuff at one time.

"Well," I said, "all right, let's look it over." And I did. Then, when Joe Laravey and I went up there, I tried to find this place. Well, it took

a little while because I was off—I was too far—I was further away from this spring than I thought we was, you see. So I went in there, and there was part of the buckets—the old buckets and equipment—part of a forge, a lot of drill steel, and stuff like that buried down under this. They had timber stuck across, you know, and lumber over—and dirt over the top of it—on top of this here lumber stuff to keep it, but the rabbits and somebody dug a hole in there. You know, it wasn't no human being because it wasn't big enough. There was a hole in there, and I pushed a flashlight down to see what was in it. Joe Laravey was with me when I did. There was all the stuff, but I never went back to get it any more. I wanted to, but I never did. That's one of the things I would like to have went back to.

From Horsethief Springs, you go towards Tecopa, and Tecopa is where the hot springs are, and one thing and another, you know. There's a lot of talc in there.

About 1905, the latter part, this Mrs. John Lydle, of St. Thomas, she claims that her daughter was born, but they didn't have the physician from the railroad company. That's what makes me think that she's a little bit ahead of her story. I do know that the Wynaught's daughter—Alice, I think is her name—they live on South Second Street. She, I think, was the first one to be born in Las Vegas, in 1906. It was in a tent over there, below where the depot now stands, you see. And then, of course, the depot moved from there after the railroad was built more, and they moved it back there on South Main Street just below the old hotel, where the old Troy Laundry was. At the time when the hospital was still there, they had one of them damn windstorms and it blew the whole top of the hotel off—off the hotel over into this hospital. That's before the laundry was built there. It was built on the same ground.

But what I was going to tell you was that I know it was 1906 that she had the doctor to bring her into this world, Dr. Hallie Hewerton. He was a physician for the railroad company for quite a while, until Dr. Martin come. Of course, Dr. Martin was here at the same time, but he was the city physician at that time. L. A. Wynaught and Dr. Hewerton were old railroad employees of that time.

The Lydles, anyway, the Lydles had three tents there, and they must have fed about, I guess, seventy-five or eighty people. A lot of the people, you know, were teamsters hauling ore and stuff back and forth. There wasn't any place uptown, only one place in a tent that you could eat. So they had this place down below there, and they made pretty good money out of it. My oldest sister, Mary, went to work in there for quite a while, and that's what made me think that Lydle is kind of ahead of his story a little bit.

Lydle is right now—him and his friend, Scoop, they been placing markers all over the southern part of the state on the Mexican Trail. Scoop had the paper for so long—I can't think of his name. I think it's Scoop Garside, Frank F. Garside's boy.

Tony Martelletti—he was the deputy here a long, long time under Sam Gay. I've done some work on Sam Gay's place over there—it his place, where he lived down on South Third, between Bridger and Lewis, on the east side of the street—an apartment house built in there.

I wasn't old enough yet—I wasn't joined in the Eagles at that time—you had to be twenty-nine years old. Then they lowered it to eighteen and let you in on that, but you wasn't entitled to any part of the bar or anything else, only just the club. They didn't allow you into any saloons. I think it was July the fifth, the fifth or sixth, in 1907, and I was going to lie about my age because I was only twenty years

old, you see. And I'd tell them I was twenty-one, and they wouldn't know the difference. Johnny Chambers and myself, we went to go in there. And then what happened, the secretary skinned off with \$280 or \$290, something like that. Then we got disgusted and came back to Vegas. Stuck around here probably for about, I guess it was the early part of 1908. And so we went down there to the Standard Oil Company and he told us down there that it would be a good thing to go to Bakersfield, to see if we couldn't go down there with an oil company. So I went there and came back. They shipped us—Johnny and myself—down to South America and we were supposed to stay two years, but the conditions was awful. They only paid—I think it was forty some-odd dollars a month, you know. But they give us ground to live in, and you had to feed yourself. They furnished the water, light, and all that stuff, but you lived in a shack, a grass affair, you know. So we got disgusted—I think we stayed seven and a half or eight months. We came back to the United States again, landed back in Bakersfield and stayed in Bakersfield then. I had to be there six months before I could join the Eagles. So I worked in the oil fields there for a while, and John, he got disgusted, he pulled out and come back at that time to his uncle's, over in the Kingston Valley. I didn't know this until I came back.

I joined the Eagles in 1911, I think it was October 17, 1911. And then I stayed there for about two months and a half and came back here for Christmas.

One of the first buildings, like I say, was built down there at First and Bridger Street, and that was owned by Roy Lockett, who was deputy sheriff at that time. He afterwards quit and went in partners with William J. Stewart—he was a county commissioner down there. And while he was building this place here, I took some of the lumber and

went down, and like I tell you, my dad had already bought some lumber from the Home Lumber. But I had to go down there to get a piece of lumber off of Roy, and that's why I got to talking with him, and he told me what he thought he was going to do with the place.

I said, "I'll go back and finish with it," and we did. We went back there and we put up a one-story building about twenty-five feet wide and about seventy feet in length. It was all one by twelve boards, battened up, of course; and they had those carbon lamps to use. They didn't have regular lamps. And then, about a year later—a year and a half—we had to get out of that place. We moved over and built a place on 326-1/2 south First Street—that was Aplin's Hall that we built. Delphine Squires mentioned about walking up the middle of the street and she was telling how this place was full o-cracks that you could throw a cat through, and all that stuff. Well, it's just things, you know—she had to get it in the paper anyway.

And then, the next job we had—there was a job uptown across from Levy's building, and that was one of the places I think is gone too. Beckley—Will Beckley, he owned it at that time. And then, Beckley put up his place later on. But at that time, Adolph Levy had his store across from where the Eagles put up their place. We were at 117, I think it was, East Fremont. He was 115, across the street. I done both those buildings at the same time. But anyway, I told two or three of the boys, "I'm going to bring suit against the Eagles," and they said, "What for?"

I said, "I went up the stairway...." I was spraying it with a pump spray, you know. And I had part of the nozzle come off and it fell down there—between there, you know. Well, hell, I was stuck for it, and two or three days I had to wait for it. I had to get it down at Los Angeles.

I think it was Dan Passetto built the building on the corner and I helped him build

that. That was later. And, I don't know, two or three jobs I done there. Along with the wiring done by Earl and Leon Rockwell.

In 1906, I done some work for Charlie Ronnow, and that building, now, the store, down where the hotel was, down there on South Main Street. Ronnow was working for Frank and Ed Clark. In fact, they built the building. But I done this work in 1906, and later on, of course, she give it to this hotel down there—the Rancho Vegas Hotel, way down in there. It's still there—they had a fire, but that part's still there yet, you know.

And then, at that same time, I had come back into the place after we had done the painting for him, and there was a car across the street over there, and I had just started to go across when the Kesslers come into town. (Joe May was one of the Kesslers. She was married a couple of times, and she was one of them.) And they went by, and it was the first time I ever saw an old-fashioned covered wagon—draped all up with canvas—I was surprised. She waved at me, you know—her and a bunch of kids, and this old man. And they looked around for a while, and finally she said, "Well, if there's no place there," she says, "see Mr. Clark." So they went in to see Mr. Clark. They were Mormons and I didn't know it. They parked across the street, just this side of where the old ice plant was built. The railroad company had a car setting across over the back there, you know. An oil car, an old oil car and the trap door was off—I didn't know it. And the first thing she says was, "Where is Jim at?"

I says, "Jim who?"

"Well," she says, "the old man who's supposed to work around these cars here." What happened, he'd been up at the top and he got overcome with the gas and he fell in. And he'd been in there, I guess, for about maybe an hour or so, and he was gone, you know.

They pulled him out, and they went and got Dr. Martin to come down and take care of this Fred James.

He said, "There's nothing you can do with him, he's gone"

I walked across the street and finished up what I had left to do. There wasn't much to do. Then, later on, I had a job to do, in the building next door, in her home itself. I was going to show you about it in a picture—it showed in the picture, her out on the porch and it was taken before anything done to it. She give the building to the hotel out there. It's still used for a museum out there, it's the Silver Slipper.

I bought my first union card in this town. In fact, I organized the union. They kept it going for a long, long time. I went to work for these fellows, Sharp. And this Sharp, of course, he was a funny fellow. He was a one-armed guy, and he was in partners with his brother up there and then he had two nephews come down here with him, Ole and Frank, and we were in partners together here. Then this nephew came back, and the old man came down here—Frank himself—he came down here. And I worked here and—I don't know—too much playing around with the conditions in the union, and it made me mad and I quit. I had a chance to go to work for the state highway department; I quit and went to work for them.

I should tell about organizing this union. What happened there—we had met upstairs, over the Beckley's building. They wanted to form what they called a—not a citizen's committee, but like a chamber of commerce. They run stuff to suit themselves, you know—a little different than the ordinary walk of life. They tried to make conditions in town and one thing and another, which was all right. But we weren't satisfied. I think it was the middle of April that they were upstairs

talking about it. So then I told my dad, "Let's go out and get busy." At that time I had four fellows working for me. I had to have fifteen names on the list. Well, all I could get hold of at that time in town was about twelve men. So finally I got my dad in there, and you see, you had to be under a certain age, you know, to get benefits out of it. Well, my dad went in, and a fellow by the name of Clarence Dugan and an old man by the name of Pop Libby, an old, old timer, you know. We had to get them in order to make the fifteen members when we sent it in. I think it was the twenty-ninth of December—so the charter reads—that we established the first union hall in this town. I was the president. We met across from where the courthouse is now, we had our first meeting there, and stayed there until they moved uptown and set up over the Boulder Club for, I guess, four or five years. Then, they've been all over different places around town. I stayed with them until just about a year and a half before I went to work for the state. I didn't like it at that time—and even now they're having trouble, you know. We were the first; we brought the first union charter in town. I think the next one was the barbers. That's a funny thing, but I think they were the next ones in line. The carpenters, more or less, like the plasterers, have a local of their own, you know. It's a little bit different than the carpenters or the plumbers, you know, electricians, stuff like that. But we never had any trouble.

They did have a little squabble at one time about the conditions with the railroad. But that was nothing to do with—they never had any strikes like they have now. It was just an argument they had because they figured that the guys couldn't be allowed to work over there when they had men of their own—that's all.

What benefit did we get from this union membership? If you been a member for four

years, I think you got \$125—something like that. And it went on up to \$200. My card was over twenty years old, because you see, I had already belonged in Los Angeles, and belonged up in Salem for a while before I come back here. That's why I was interested in having a union here.

But it wasn't—like I tell you—I didn't like it and I got out of it. Like, some of my best friends now, that worked for me here—two or three of them are still in business. One of the men here, he's a good friend of mine, he says, "I don't like conditions here, so I've quit." He was the secretary a long time. Well, it's the way the conditions was. Even now they're having trouble with the union—the colored people in there—they don't want the colored people in there—see what I mean? I don't think this is right, but yet they have it, this prejudiced idea, see? I don't like it myself, but what can you do? I'm talking about the union, you know, the electricians' union—they don't like that. I think if a man goes out and goes to work, he's got a right to work wherever he can. But they're not bright enough—they don't answer the questions. That's what they claim—they don't answer the questions right, so they talk that way. Oh, maybe I shouldn't say it but it's the truth.

I worked on that old depot, too, along with the company cottages. I had done it, and, of course, they liked my doing them a good job, so they let me go ahead then and do this first building. Until that building, the railroad had their offices outside in an old boxcar. Eugene V. Dobbs was the first clerk in that office at that time. But after I had done that work on this building, before it was tore down, most of the lumber and that stuff in there was taken down here at 109 North Ninth Street for the Odd Fellows Hall. Most of that lumber come out of that building. Of course, now it's been tore down—not tore down but a lot of it's been

patched up and is a little bit different. There was three or four fellows with me on that job, and they're still Odd Fellows—three or four of them—four of them's gone—so I'm about the only one left, I guess, who helped build on that thing when it was first built.

Well, I should tell you about what took place with the building of the church. E. W. Griffith started out with it, and wanted me to go ahead and do it, and I donated my labor. They had a couple of windows in one end, and I put the staging up there to hit this gable—this big arched roof like, you know. And the cross piece. And I was up there painting this thing, you know, and had the ladder leaning against it, and I went to reach down and the ladder slipped. I went over and broke about two fancy windows they had fixed in there. They never had anything over them, but just thought maybe I could get by without it, you see. They never covered them up because I wasn't splattering any paint, but that didn't stop me from letting the ladder slip. The ladder slipped and I fell about ten or twelve feet and went right through that and ruined it. I said, "It's a good thing I'm donating some of this work because it will help take care of that."

Charlie Sloan had the church uptown there—it's on Seventh Street, just the other side of Stewart Street on the north corner. He lived in there. He was the minister of that church. And a young fellow in the Mormon church, Joe Christensen, worked for the state highway department, and he talked me into doing some work for them. I went down there and worked three or four months at a time in helping out while I was still working for the state.

After that I went to work for a fat fellow and he had the lumber yard across the street over there with Frank Bean. Frank Bean—you know, one of the boys had trouble. You remember that in the paper up there in

Reno? Frank Bean is the one that wanted me to buy some property out there across from the Sands Hotel—they call it the Castaways. Yeah, my wife didn't want me to buy way out with the crooks.

Up at Main and Fremont, from the Nevada Bar and on the north end of it was the old Hotel Overland, which was controlled by John P. Wisner. An arch was built up over there by four other painters and my dad and myself. There was six of us in the bunch. Well, a lot of them wanted to know why we put it up there. Well, it was to advertise the Dam, the same as what Reno had. Reno had an arch—"The Biggest Little City in the World." Well, this was the same thing.

At that time, there was a lot of fellows says, "Well, what are you going to do with these buildings through here if they buy up the town?"

I said, "There's nobody going to buy up the town. What most people are going to do is build out of town." That's what started most of the trouble, out on the road going out through the other way. Now, I don't know what Mr. Wilbur had in mind, but I do know there was quite a stink up in town about it. This arch was built to impress Ray Lyman Wilbur about how great the town was. Yes, that's right.

I've done a lot of work for churches around here, but I can't get by all the time on it that way, so, I give it up. But I do like to help where I can help. That's been my policy all the way through—Eagles are "people helping people," and that's what I do. I'm just that much an Eagle, I can't help it! But there's times that I would like to went out here and done jobs for people just to be doing something. But I take it under a little bit of caution. say, "Well, gee, if I'm going to do anything like that I better get a pick and shovel and go out in the hills, and look where I haven't found all the time." I like to get out in the hills even today.

NORTH LAS VEGAS POLITICS

I went out there to work on this building of mine out there in North Las Vegas. It was supposed to be 100 West Owens at that time. Of course, it's called East Owens now, but it's not, it's West Owens. I went out there and finished up the building. I started in the latter part of '32—it was only a half-shack building, but I finished it all up and I think moved out in about the middle of the year. They wanted to incorporate the town out there—that was in '33. And Tommy Jones—there was myself in Precinct One, Tommy Jones was Precinct Two, and Precinct Three had Coleman—Jerry Coleman, I think, at that time. Horace Tucker was our first mayor out there, at that time. And it went along till finally, there was a painter there who did some work for us at the same time—him and Tucker had an argument. That's the first time, now, they had an argument.

Finally, I run against him a little later for the next election. We only had about I think seven months' time to try it out, and we didn't have too much money in there—I think we only had about—oh, \$250 or \$300 is all we

had in it at that time. So, come along a little later on, next year, it opened up again, and I run against Tucker and C. C. McDaniel. I beat Tucker out, but McDaniel beat me by five points. Well, then I got disgusted and quit politics at that time. In fact, Otis Wright told me I had no right to run because I was a public employee, which I didn't think anything about at the time. I thought, well, if I want to run for any job, I'd do it. But I quit that anyway. But, that's one of the things.

I will tell about when I was on the first North Las Vegas city council, and how we operated. Well, what we did there, we met in part of the building that's next to Barney Zigtima's grocery store there, a little bit of a building and in the corner was a grocery store. I mean there was a grocery store on the corner, but Barney moved next to it and turned that into—a part of an old pool hall, and went along for four or five months and they tore that out again. So we met in the front part of that—Tucker, Tommy Jones, Jerry Coleman, and myself, and the fellow that acted as secretary. He was—I think his

name was Frank Boswell, or something like that. He lived over there on Miller Street, I think, in North Las Vegas. I can't recall his name right now, but I can get it. He had a woman working there afterwards by the name of Ada Fisher, and she was picked up when she went to work, for McDaniel's I understand, and they got her for \$50 or \$100—she stole it or something—and he was on the bond and one thing and another, but she didn't pay it back. It's like a lot of stuff now that's stole, they don't pay it back. Sounds funny—they just can them. That's what's happening right today. But that's about the only thing that I could do when I come out here.

We didn't have much money. How did we manage to run a city government with only a few hundred dollars? Well, we went along till the next election—we only had a few months to go. In fact, we didn't collect much of it in the first place, you know, in that length of time. So when the next crew went in there why, they had things their own way. I think when we stepped out, we had possibly \$200 - \$300 in the bank—that's all we had, to ourself.

How did we manage to run the police force and the other facilities? Well, that's what I tell you. This Carl Shepperd—something like that—was our first police. What we did, of course, we made an arrest out there and we got enough out of that to pay, probably, his salary. I hate to say it, but that's the truth. We never was hard on anybody, though. Across the street there, they had the fire department. But Barney Zigtima, he was the chief, our first chief, out there. It went along and finally he says, "Well," he says, "if you need any help," he says, "well, let us know," he said. "We'll put on some kind of a dance for you."

Well, we did. We had a dance in back of the fire hall, in where the American Legion used to meet, out there, and we put dances on, stuff like that. But I'll tell you, that five or six

months rolled around so fast, we didn't have much chance. But we didn't owe anybody when we got out of there. And if we did, that was our own campaign, but we paid for that ourselves, you know what I mean.

When I was running for mayor, I had to pay for it all myself. I was not a politician, but I done what I could anyway. I just don't like it—there's too much graft in it—and there is right today—here, look at this stuff they got here today. Did I get approached for bribes or anything like that when I was in? No, because we tried to run everything on the square. The only thing is, we found out about Mrs. Ada Fisher when she was working for Mayor McDaniel. That's what she was accused then of doing, but I think that was another hushed up job, because they didn't do anything with her—just like they do now—they don't do anything with these.... Well, that's about all I can tell you what went on in North Las Vegas outside of the little work I done out in different places out there—that's all.

Do I remember any particular meeting where something exciting happened at one of these council meetings? Well, the only thing I can say in there is, at the time when they opened up that place across there from.... You see, what happened there, this Tucker was the mayor and had his own place, operating a saloon—one thing and another, you know. Well, across the street, the people wanted to open up a place, and he was burnt up about it. And I brought it up on the floor—Tommy Jones and I—and of course, Jerry Coleman lined along with Tucker. He didn't say too much about it, thought it was all right, but there was two against. I said, "Well, if he's going to go against anything like that, we just as well quit because what's the use of running again?" You know, when they have things like this. I said, "If people want to go in business out here, you can't hog it all."

So he got mad at me, and I just went along—like I tell you—for about—the next election and I just quit that boy. But I run against him, and beat him and that just tickled me to death. And I'm still here, North Las Vegas. I don't know where else to go.

When I campaigned against Tucker and McDaniel, what did I do? I went out myself, and stood on the corner up there at where Owens is now. Stood up on the corner there, where that station is, and handed out cards—people go back and forth all the time, you know. I knew practically all those that didn't live in North Las Vegas. I just handed them a card anyway. But I did—I beat Tucker out by twenty-five or thirty votes and McDaniel beat me—five votes, which was, like I said before, I had no right to run, but I did. And when I got beat I thought I could retire from politics, and I did. And I haven't been back since. I just didn't like it myself. I'm a funny duck anyway. I'll go along, and as long as I'm satisfied with what I'm doing, why, I can go ahead with it. That's a funny way to be, ain't it? But that's human.

3

YEARS WITH THE NEVADA HIGHWAY DEPARTMENT (1942-1962)

I went to work for the highway department [in 1942] because, well, I got acquainted with a fellow at the hospital. It was really my health—too much pressure on me from the business, you know. I was working over there on the hospital at that time. Dr. Roy Martin, he told me, he says, “Well,” he says, “if you don’t like what you’re doing, everything, why don’t you go to work at something that’s a little bit easier?”

Well, I thought if I did go to work for the state it would be easier. But it wasn’t easier for me then because it was a different line of work. But I worked at it; it was easier than what I had been doing, yes, but it wasn’t easy, I’ll tell you. After about twenty years or so, then Otis Wright (the state highway engineer) got mad at me because I quit. Well, I didn’t have the pressures over there. When your day ended, it was done. You know, where the business here was, they woke me here in the middle of the, sometimes eight or nine o’clock at night and wanted me to come down and take a job. You can’t do that, you know. Even when I had a partnership, why, one

fellow, Paul Kinston... Well, he was working up there with me, and I had one of the Sharp boys helping, but he was down below. And we put a plank up there with a ladder-jack on it, you know, same as those little platforms like we had. Well, he was up there working, and I’m up there working with one of the Sharps, and evidently he didn’t put the plank up there in the ladder far enough, you know, and it dropped down about ten or twelve feet and hit Paul on the arm and busted his arm. Well, I had to take him down to the hospital to have him fix his arm up. And that’s one of the things. Then they call you that number of hours a day, you get tired, too, you know. I’ve had them come out there—come down and talk to me, probably, nine or ten o’clock—well, how do you do this?

When I went to work for the highway department, we had to have our telephone taken out, because they just ran me ragged. You know, trying to get me to contract a room or just—just one room, just something, you know. I just had the telephone taken out, see, so they couldn’t reach me.

When I went to work for the highway, I done everything for them—the buildings, I done all of the curbings, trimmings, the traffic marks, signs, everything, everything that could be done in the painting line, I done myself. And then I got to where I had to do the spraying of the cars and one thing and another, and it was too much for me to do. So then, I told them—J. M. Murphy at that time—I said, “I’ve got to have help—got to get more men.” So he gave me another man. I went along with that, and then it got to where it was too much for us to do, so I have to have them to go in there and take care of the trucks—painted all the trucks, you know. I had to paint the signs—it was different, too, doing that. Well, I couldn’t do the sign work and paint trucks and do houses. So I took most of the outside work, spraying all of the trimmings, you know, and stuff like that. I done a lot of that stuff, and the buildings, outside, that’s what I did, mostly.

What kind of an operation do I think the highway department was running in those days? It was all right, but here’s what happened. Now they’re doing something they’ve never tried before, and that is painting those islands now, all around the center, and they’re putting stuff—sealing-like—green-looking stuff. That might work all right—be economical, too, you know. Better for the public, because you can see it in the distance, where you couldn’t see in the distance [before]. The yellow stuff, you throw it on and it looks bad. This other way, it’s smooth, it’s just like a piece of glass.

One of the things I found out was that even if they took out all the trees out between here and Indian Springs—or at Indian Springs—they had a lot of trouble with that, you know, because they figured that it was taking the shade off the highway. People didn’t have any place to sleep or rest or anything like that, which was all right. So Otis said, “Well,” he

says, “go out there and do what you can with it. Put up some yellow boards along in there and paint them up.” So they put up a fence along in there, about six or seven feet high for about twenty-five or thirty feet—I painted that, and all the restrooms and different places. I had to fix them up. The last one I done was out here about seven or eight miles above Beatty, on the way up to—almost up to—the Spring Ranch. Anyway, that was the last place I done up in through there. That’s about a month before I quit the state. The work was all right, but Otis is out now, you see. I retired for good, but I was still called back to do some work for them at Indian Springs—went back out there and worked out there for a month and a half or two months. But in town here, I never had any trouble with anything I ever done.

I always done everything I possibly could to help Otis and the people I was working with. As far as going out and doing work on bridges, and all of that, crosswalks and everything, I always tried to play on the safety side to give the traveling public a chance to see what they were up against. If I had a chance to put up a sign somewhere that I thought would do the public good, I’d do that, regardless of what Otis said was set. And he’d come along and say, “Well,” or one of the other boys said, “What’s that up there?”

And I said, “Well, that’s to protect...” and finally, now they’ve taken up the same thing themselves and doing the same thing that I had started years ago. That was one of the things I thought the public should know about. That’s one of the reasons why I did it, and I told Otis, I said, “Well,” I says, “any time you want me to do anything,” I says, “I’ll go ahead and do it, whether it’s for the highway or whether it’s for you.

He said, “Well, I’m glad you mention it, because I want my house painted.” It’s over here back of the hospital. And I went over and

done his place. That was about three months before he quit up there, you know, but I done it. It's just one of those things.

There's lots of things they do now that they didn't do then—and that's in regards to the crosswalks, and the curbings, and also this new material they're putting on the ground now, to caution the public coming in, you know, what they got ahead of them. And that's one of the things that's taking place out here on the Strip. I think it's a wonderful thing. And I do believe that as time goes on they'll see. You know, what I tried to get Otis interested in, before, out here, is to put up an archway over the top of it, and get them to lease part of it. Coming into Vegas, you'd have four of them, from all different directions, and put an archway across about where the Sands Hotel is—a big archway on each side. Maybe a gas station on one end, and have the hotel and a feed room on the other side. That's what you give them is a place to eat and a place to travel—have it fixed up. And then above it, have a picture, like the Dam, you know. You're driving under it, you know, and that would be fine and dandy. Place along the signs on each side for advertisement—that would pay for the arch in time. Do you get the idea? I brought it up to some of the boys uptown, and they says, "Oh, well—too much for the—it costs too much to put it up." Well, they didn't realize that—now—what they're doing. I'd have something like that before the public so they can see. And who would pay for it? The people that did the advertising. Yes, that's right—it's just a thought that I had.

Did I ever participate in any of the experiments that they did on paint—these various stripes on the highway? Well, I did at one time. I decided that the lacquer we were putting on, you know, it should have something in it besides the benzol that we used to cut it down—or lacquer thinner. So

I decided, and I suggested it to Otis, and he says, "All right, try it out." And I did. I put a certain amount of acetone and a certain amount of ordinary paint thinners together, instead of using the lacquer thinner. And what it did—it didn't set up quite as fast, but it stayed on the ground longer than the other. The water didn't bother it so much. That was one of the features that I thought was all right, and it worked out.

In my twenty years of working on all these roads, I have seen a lot of changes. I have seen—there's some right now, you know. I have done a lot of work down there, in fact, the bridges and stuff, going into Glendale—I worked on all that stuff. I worked down here—worked on the first sign that comes into the California line. They just give a description, told them how far to Las Vegas it was, you know, and stuff like that. Where the state was administered, you know, at Carson City and all that stuff. And I took it and then made a sign below it—a space about maybe a foot wide and three feet long—I drew an old, old covered wagon, and a dog coming along behind and that, and Otis come back and saw it afterwards and said, "What in hell did you put on that?"

And I said, "Well, don't it look all right?"

He said, "Yes," he said, "but I didn't think you could do anything like that," he said, "I didn't know you were that kind of an artist." Well, I did, and he said it was all right, and it's right there now.

Now, take the signs down here [near Boulder City]. They give you pictures of not only the Dam, but other things on it, even today they've got a lot of stuff here at the Nevada state line. I tried to do that, but this fellow, Lee Adams of Glendale, he says, "I don't think I'd fool with that up there." He said, "Otis may not like it," although I did it down below. He says, "They're going to tear that down and move it off."

I said, "There's no use fooling with it then." And they did. They tore it down about two months later and moved it in towards Mesquite. It was out on the line but they moved it back, because they built a new highway there, you know, a short cut through there and changed it. They didn't move it any farther in but they moved it farther south, because they changed the road, you see—up on the side of the hill.

But outside of that, as far as material is concerned, and the way it is, I don't know. Probably, like I tell you, since they made that experiment on that island, up in there, I guess "median" they call them, don't they? Well, in things like that, that's right. And if they continue to keep that along and do the same thing on the curbings and stuff, I think, then, the public will get more out of it because the way it is now, you get a little bit of rain water on it, and you can't hardly see it at all—especially coming in—years ago—coming in here from the California line, the water come down on that blacktop—that was before they put in the new road, you know. Why, you couldn't see whether it was yellow, brown, or blue, you know—it was just awful. In fact, you couldn't see half the road because the mud would run across there, you know. You couldn't see no line at all, all the way from, well, south where you go along that bottom, you know—where you head up towards Mountain Springs, and up through there, it was awful bad. Just forty-two miles from here to the state line. Well, it was below that—going out through that flat—well, it was awful.

Well, this is the accident that took place up there—this is the time the plane crashed. I think it was about January 16 or 17, that a friend of mine, Leon Averett and myself left the state barns of the old state highway department and was headed for the camp up at Mt. Charleston. It was on the old Emigrant

Trail. That was the camp where the guys lived at, you know, doing the work up there. We swerved off and headed toward the old Potosi mine and went up over the hills to where the plane had crashed the night before. We ran into Tom Keeler and two men. I had known one of them for some time. It was Otto Schwartz and Milton McClanahan, and another one named Samuel Ault. Believe me, it was some mess. Some of the trees were still burning, and all over the place—bodies, mail baggage, and everything. Believe me, it was a hard thing to see. There was papers and ladies' baggage scattered all over. One of the passengers, a lady by the name of Carole Lombard, was the wife of Clark Gable. I found that out a day later in Goodsprings. I don't want to see a thing like that again as long as I live, and that's the truth. Oh, it was a mess. There was dead bodies strung half way between here and those cottonwoods. They hit thirty or forty feet down from the top of that mountain and bounced back and that's what set the trees afire—the dead trees and stuff—about a quarter of a mile square of fire.

Returning to the highway department, did I ever see an accident that could have been prevented by a sign, or that was caused by signs or painting? Yes, about half way between where the restrooms are—that's this side of, about six or seven miles this side of the state line—that would be on the left side of the road going south. But this side of that, there was an accident there where I think it could have been prevented if they'd have had curbing there—it was in the middle of a curve, coming up—you know—not too much, but just a little bit of a curve, and the curbing was covered up with dirt and stuff; you couldn't see it. And coming along there, fast like that, this woman evidently thought the road was straight ahead, and she went straight ahead, and she did, she jumped the curbing—the part of the dirt that

they had stuck there, you know, and went over the side. It was only five or six feet down. She went over that and upset. That was one thing I know that happened up there.

I'm getting off my story, but this happened up there where you go up to Mountain Springs—that's on the old Emigrant Trail—it's about probably seven or eight miles up from Arden. You went up on that old, old road that went over through there. I was hauling ore at that time from the Potosi mine. I always had number two—I had number two truck and the other fellow number one. I had to pull him up over the top, you see. And I did that and when he got up to the top, he broke down. Well, I had to go on in then. And when I got in there, there was a woman that come out of over there, what they call part of the Mountain Springs, where the boys have got their camp in there now. Well, what happened, she had a little boy with her, about seven years old. Well, she come along in there and she hit a bad hole in the road—like I been going over it all my life—but she hadn't been over it for a long time. I knew it was there because I would always switch around it, but it was a bad hole—probably ten or twelve inches deep and about as big around as a wash tub—right in the middle. Now, what caused it, I don't know. I think maybe it was caused by a rock in there and then water coming down. But what happened—she hit that windshield and cut her breasts all to hell. And I didn't know what to do about it, so I told them, "I'll rush right on in." I went in there and I told this fellow there at Arden that there had been a bad accident up in there. That's one of the things that I said afterwards if that hole hadn't been in there, it would have been all right. She never would have had any accident there, and that's one thing that I saw. And, I didn't like it either, but it was one of those things, you couldn't help it.

Well, I don't know. I thought, myself, if the state would go out here and take some of these here parts of guardrail-s that they got now, and they paint them just like they do—if they do the first ten feet of it, you know, put a flare out, even though it didn't look too good—a little flare out, possibly another two foot from where it is now—in line with it, with the color on it—some transparent stuff—you could see, you'd prevent a lot of those accidents, because when people travel like the dickens in there, and they don't realize, you know, that there's a possible chance to—but that the road don't go right straight on through, and that's the truth.

What do I think of the administration of the highway department in the years that I was there? That was all right. The only thing was there was certain things that could have been a little different than I think it was done. We used to do our own work. They let us do our own work around the shop and one thing and another, like they did up there in Reno. They hauled, as I understood- it may not have been Otis's fault—but somebody up there was to blame for it. They used the trucks for the women that worked in the highway department, and took and hauled their stuff around, you know, from place to place, when they needed goods for any thing, the big trucks, and things like that. Well, that might not have been in the line of administration, but anyway, it was stuff that wasn't considered the right thing to do. And I didn't know, I always liked Otis. But somebody didn't like what he was doing, because the man they put in there, I don't know him too well at all; in fact I think I met him down there only one time before I quit. He was one of the engineers up out there, in fact, he was second man who had charge of all the outside work, maintenance work, for the department. I think he's in charge now and gone up again. I haven't found out too much because I don't

go around. But, all in all, from the time that I went to work for them,

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think he's in charge now and gone up again. I haven't found out too much because I don't go around. But, all in all, from the time that I went to work for them, I never found anything wrong with them, you know, not too much. They don't graft halt as much as some of our government—a bunch of them do. Now, that sounds funny, but it's the truth. You hear these things through—it's been publicized, you know; it's about the only way you'll get it.

There always so much talk in the newspapers and around about, "Well, the highway department employees get solicited for political contributions, and all this sort of thing." Well, I don't know. I never had anything done to me that way. I can't say anything because I don't want to say anything to get myself in dutch, or anybody else. But I do know that there's things been taken over there that anybody else would do if they had the chance; it didn't amount to much. In fact, there's a little bit of thievery in everybody. Some of them more, but it don't show up so much.

Do I remember any really outstanding events in my years with the highway department? Up here this side of Glendale, there was that old part concrete, part steel bridge—now they've moved it out, but it was quite a bridge. It was just this side of Glendale, about maybe, oh, less than a quarter of a mile—right opposite where Lee Adams lives now, and the Glendale station itself. An old, old steel bridge in there, and I'm working up in there. I had a ladder—a scaffold—had to have a scaffold put over the side to work on, you know. And the state didn't—I didn't say anything to Otis because I generally took care of that stuff—but I took a ladder out there and a couple of planks—short planks—along, and also the ladder jacks to hang into the bridge, to hang in on. And while I'm working up in there, a young fellow—they called him the

"Greek." He's the guy I quit my job over—that's about a month before I quit the highway. He was a great friend of Sharp's, you know. He's assistant engineer over here, under Jack Parvin, you know, and this fellow didn't know any more about painting than probably you do. But anyway, the young Greek went to work up there and I asked him, I says, "Well now, hang that up over the top"—the rope—which he did. And I went up on top and I stepped on it, and what happened, he had only hooked it in—instead of up over the cement, he had it hooked into the iron. Well, the iron went into the cement and it didn't go in far enough to help, you see. "Well," I says to him, I says, "what are you going to do with it?"

He says, "Why sure, what's the matter? Nothing wrong."

I said, "Well, you go up and go to work."

He started up to go to work and when he did, of course, I went up with him on the other side. That time the whole thing dropped down about twelve feet into the creek. And then we got up and went over there and got a couple of cans of beer and come back there and went to work again. But that was all. We just got out of it that lucky. But now, that was the thing there. If the state had had the right kind of scaffolding for that bridge.... They didn't have it; I had to frame it up myself. The same thing I had to do when I was working for the state over here, when they crossed over the tracks on Bonanza Road. I had to make my scaffold for that; a long hook, hooked up over the beams and stuff, and dropped down four feet, so I could reach up back there and do the work, off the plank and stuff through there. Now if they'd let me use a truck, you know, I could move right along with it, put the spray and everything in it. But they didn't want to do that. Put my spray in there, you know, and work off of that truck—could have

dropped off there over the back, you know, which I could have reached it easy. You see, it's fourteen feet high when you're up in the truck—that's about five or six feet high. They had the spray in there and I'd just drive the truck under there and spray it, but I had to build my own outfit. It's a wonder then, I didn't break one of them hooks that hooked over the top. That's one of the things.

You know, so many times you take chances—the state don't want you to do it, but you do it without thinking. You get yourself in dutch and the state, too, over a chance. So I just quit it. I got tired of it and I quit. I quit mainly because I didn't like this Greek. I tell you, he worked there about three weeks, or maybe a month later, and went out here to Beatty and blew all his money he made there. And then he got out of there. I met him about a year later up at Tonopah. He married some woman up there.

Well, I was of retirement age anyway. Yeah. He wanted me to work until I was sixty-five, you know. Otis was mad because I quit. They let them work over the retirement age because they didn't get that retirement in there when they should have. As it was, I only got twenty years of retirement—or sixteen years in retirement pay and yet I put in twenty years because it was four years before they put in retirement. Well, that was right. I could have worked on, you know, but I just, I didn't like it. They let the older fellows keep on working, you know—give them a chance to get their time in. That letter that I got from Otis. He was surprised that I quit.

How do I like being retired? Well, I don't mind it so much, if it just wasn't for this moving. I've had to move up here [to North Las Vegas]. And I have to fix up the stuff. There's so much now, I'm just about maybe two-thirds through now, with the work that I got to do to put it in shape.

If I were going to advise someone what to do to prepare for retirement, what would I tell them they ought to be doing? Here's the idea: if you're not happy you can work along—do something that would take up your time and stuff. You're better off, because a lot of people after they've worked practically all their life and then have to retire, they just set around and they get gloomy, and this is a fact. And they told me that, "Well, how in the hell can you do it?"

And I say, "That's the way I feel. I like to go out and work. I may not be making anything, but as long as I've got work to do around here, fine and dandy." But I would advise anybody that's going to retire to save up enough if they can, and then when they want to retire—work until they get tired, and then lay down and take it easy. I can say that, but I don't do it. That's a funny thing. I don't know—I just can't do it. Now I don't know what else to say to help anybody out in a case of that kind.

Well, I like to do this because I don't like to set around. That's the way I keep out of trouble, and as long as I feel that way and it isn't injurious to me, why, I better be doing that. I just can't set around and read and talk. I just can't do it. I set around here probably half an hour, you know, a half hour in the evening, or something like that, reading the paper. And then I'm through. And write, why, I couldn't write nothing. But I like to fix up a place like this, and I get a kick out of making my own furniture and stuff. There's a lot of things I like to do—I do it. That's the only thing I can advise anybody to do. If they could save up enough, you know, to—when they get along in years and do retire, why, then take it as easy as you possibly can, but do enough to keep a little bit busy, because not doing anything is going to be injurious to you because then you're going to be worse off than you were before.

4

MEMBERSHIPS IN FRATERNAL ORGANIZATIONS

FRATERNAL ORDER OF EAGLES

I'll tell first about the Eagles in Las Vegas. First, here's a list of the past presidents: Dr. E. C. Keys, 1905-1906; Dan V. Noland, 1906 till 1907; J. J. Tuckfield, from '07 to '08; H. R. Beale, from '09 to '10; H. N. Lillis, from '09 to '11—three terms; L. A. Wynnaught, from '11 to '12; L. D. Smith, from '12 to '13; Harley A. Harmon, from '13 to '14; J. D. Kramer, from '14 to '15; H. M. Lillis, from '15 to '16—twice; Roy H. Martin, was '16 to '17; George E. Lane, from '17 to '18; George E. Lane, from '18 to '19; W. J. Stewart, from '19 to '20; F. A. Stevens, from '20 to '21; F. A. Stevens, from '21 to '22; F. A. Stevens, from '22 to '23; Matt Kelly, from '23 to '24; C. E. Pembroke, from '24 to '25; M. I. Newkirk, from '25 to '26; M. I. Newkirk, from '26 to '27; J. H. Downs, from '27 to '28; F. C. Crookson, from '28 to '29; Harley A. Harmon, from '29 to '30; A. H. Henderson, from '30 to '31; L. C. Pico, from '31 to '32; C. D. Baker, from '32 to '33; Harold Case, from '33 to '34; B. W. Snyder, from '34 to '35; M. H. Gordon, from '35 to

'36; J. J. Logan, from '36 to '37; Bill Fitzgerald, from '37 to '38; C. W. Aplin, from '38 to '39; Leon Averett, from '39 to '40; Gus Blad, from '40 to '41; Gus Blad, from '41 to '42; Wally Sorenson, from '42 to '43; Robert Stone, from '43 to '44—that was split the second time with me, from '44 to '45, five months of each on that. Then there was Tommy L. Jones, who was 1945 to 1946; Angelo Manzi, from '46 to '47; Kenneth Thompson, from '47 to '48; C. W. Aplin from '48 to '49; William H. Kelsey, from '49 to '50; David Forbes, from '50 to '51; Gale Andress, from '51 to '52; Neal Clegg, from '52 to '53; Sam Griffin, from '53 to '54; Thomas McCullough, from '54 to '55; cliff Freemeyer, from '55 to '56; Chester Cobain, from '56 to '57; Nelson Loudin, from '57 to '58; John Bails, from '58 to '59; Jerry Berry, from '59 to '61; Jerry Berry, from '61 to '62; Charles Stankus, from '62 to '63; Charles Norris, from '63 to '64; Claude Martin, from '64 to '65; William Gallagher, from '65 to '66; John Tomblin, from '65 to '67; Leonard Vanderhoofven, from '67 to '68—that's the present.

Now here's one part that I should have mentioned, but he didn't serve long enough; Jerry Woodbury, he was only in there two months, but you couldn't call that president—I had to fill out part of a term for him—Tory Jones had to fill out the rest of that.

Now I think I should give you a list of the Aeries and where they were instituted. At the present time there are ten Aeries in the state.

Reno was instituted on the twentieth day of February, 1902. The Aerie number is No. 207. The Carlin Aerie was No. 229—that was instituted on May 11, 1902. Tonopah Aerie No. 271, October 9, 1903. Winnemucca No. 487, August 25, 1903. Comstock Aerie No. 523, September 26, 1903. Esmeralda County No. 946, January 1, 1905. Carson City No. 1006, March 5, 1905. Las Vegas Aerie No. 1213, September 15, 1905. Toquima Aerie No. 1442, June 27, 1906. Fallon Aerie No. 1447, June 25, 1906. Lovelock Aerie No. 1557, December 30, 1906. Searchlight Aerie No. 1560, January 15, 1907. Rhyolite Aerie No. 1564, 1907. Yerington Aerie No. 1696, August 11, 1907. White Pine County Aerie No. 1725, October 22, 1907. Round Mountain No. 1799, June 17, 1908. Steptoe Aerie No. 1876, June 9, 1909. Sparks Aerie No. 2625, May 26, 1948. Basic Aerie No. 2672, June 13, 1948. Tahoe Aerie No. 2933, October 27, 1965.

Out of the twenty Aeries, we have ten Aeries left in the state.

Now the Las Vegas Eagles first met—this was 1905—they met up over the old bank building at First and Fremont Streets, upstairs in the small room I was telling you about that was only twenty by twenty-five feet. The second place they met was on Ogden Street, between Ogden and Fremont streets—the old Palace Hotel. And then the third place we met was a lease we got from J. B. Curtis, across from the Palace Theater. That was on the same street—just a block from the

Palace Theater. The fourth place was the old Economy Hall, owned by Adolph Levy—the old building. We stayed in there five or six years. And then, across from Levy's, our old building at 117 Fremont Street, which we was at for some twenty-odd years. And sixth, at the Union Hall on Utah Street, and number seven was our home now, at Washington and Bruce. We've been there now since '61.

We were up there at an Eagle convention at Carson City, and through efforts of mine to establish a roof on the old Miners' Union Hall in Virginia City, in May of 1954, the Comstock Aerie No. 523 were the grateful recipients of a \$750 check from the Las Vegas Aerie No. 1213:

The generous gift was volunteered by the Las Vegas club for the purpose of repairing the roof on the old Miners Union Hall, a structure which has served the Comstock faithfully since 1876. Local Eagles acknowledged the gift by presenting the Las Vegas lodge with an engraved plaque. At the left, President T. B. McCullough is shown receiving the plaque from Comstock President Del Benner as Treasurer John Bowie takes custody of the check.

[Looking at newspaper photo]: There is Del Benner, who is president of the Aerie; John McCullough, who is receiving the check; Tommy Jones, Cliff Freemeyer, Neal Clegg, Oliver Pratt, and myself—of course, you can hardly see me way in the back. And about eight or ten women in there—some of them I know and some I don't know. But that was in that picture there, you see. [*Territorial Enterprise*, May 21, 1954.]

And this is something I would like to tell you about in regard to the Eagles—something

about what the Eagles have done, along with the lady Eagles, or the Auxiliary, at this time. One of our good brothers, Joe May, who was a deputy sheriff, working under Sam Gay, was shot and he did not have much money. So the Eagles got busy, and along with the women and the merchants and the girls of Block Sixteen, dug down and saved \$360 to \$37Q for this family, which was a wonderful thing for them. I was there because I was the one who established the purpose and spread the petition for help. And there were times when the Eagles have helped out in fires and so forth.

Oh, I want to say something about the Auxiliary. I'll go as far as I can. I believe the Auxiliary was instituted here in 1934, at the time when B. W. "Bi" Snyder was acting president of our Aerie. I have learned from my wife, she was the fourth "madam president" of the Auxiliary at that time. The first one was Marie Blad, then Stella Snyder, and Nora Ullom, and then my wife—that was the first four. They have gone up and down in membership, just the same as the Aerie has, but they've helped our Aerie a lot in accomplishing our programs and stuff like that. I helped institute an Auxiliary in Sparks, and one over in Kingman, and the Basic Aerie here, and we also helped down in Needles. The Auxiliary has went with us on several trips, to help us out with their drill teams and stuff. So you see, they haven't done us any dirt, and in fact, we owe them a lot!

This year we'll be up in Yerington for our state convention. We were up in there ten years ago. They have a convention once a year, first weekend in May, and that's all over the state of Nevada. And there they compete for their trophies and stuff like that. They even have bowling now—bowling tournaments.

That's the trouble; bowling has taken most of the interest now of our Aerie. But they have

to do it, and it's about the only time. Instead of holding it a couple of days ahead, or like that, or a day by themselves, you know, they butt right in, in the middle of our meetings, the day they should be attending the meetings, and it's tough. But that's their business. Well, majority rules. No matter if you like it or not, if you got a bunch of bowlers in there, and they have enough power, they're going to have it their way. Bowling is a good thing, but not, you know, right at that particular time.

I should mention the membership of our Aerie. Of course, I don't know nothing I could tell you about the membership of the Auxiliary because my wife told me time after time when I asked her something, "That's my business," and she wouldn't tell me, so I didn't ask her no more. Which I guess is all right, because we were both presidents at the same time.

If you would like to, I'll give you a list of some of the members and their business that I can recall here. Of course, I know about two-thirds of the membership, but I just can't tell you the business of all of them because they come and go, but I'll give you a list of what I can.

Now, Henry H. Abercrombie has been twenty-four years a member. He worked for the Home Lumber Company for years. He wasn't only in the Home Lumber Company, but he worked for the Lee Lumber Company, too.

H. R. Adams, he's got thirty-eight years here as a member. William J. Addington—he has a thirty year pin. Harold W. Anderson—he's got a twenty-one year pin. Nels Anderson—he transferred from Kingman. He is an eighteen-year member. C. G. Andress, who's a past president, he has eighteen years. Charles Aplin, myself, past state president, has fifty-three years. Johnny Bails—past president—past state president—he has forty-one years.

Jerry Berry, Oscar C. Barfield, twenty-eight years; and Fred H. Drummond, thirty-two years; Frank Belding, thirty-two years. Troy Bell had thirty-three years; A. G. Blad had forty-one years. Robert Boehn—he's got sixteen years. Norman Carroll—he's got twenty-three years. Neal Clegg—he's past president of our Aerie, he's also a policeman uptown—he's got in twenty-two years. Chester Cobain, he's a past president of our Aerie and he has eighteen years, and we worked for—oh, that plant out here at Mercury for a long time, and then he came back in again, and he's been working for Bill Kelsey. Now, Cortez T. Cooper—he joined out of Boulder City, some thirty-odd years ago. Don DeVoe, I think he works up to the mortuary up here—Palm Mortuary—he has twenty years membership. Fred Drummond, who worked along with me with the state highway department, got thirty-two years; Roy Eaton, he's got his twenty-six years. Gordon W. Embrey—he's got in twenty-one years. He is a brother-in-law to Tommy Jones, who runs the Kraft Produce here in Vegas. Thomas Enright—he's got forty-one years; he was an engineer on the railroad down at Yermo, which was called Otis then, but is Yermo now. He is also a dealer uptown now at one of the clubs here. Like I tell you, he got in forty-one years. And James Fore, who is a flagman on the railroad, he's got in forty years. William E. Fitzgerald, who is a past president, he's got in thirty-three years. Clifford Freemeyer, he's a past president—he's got in twenty-one years. William Glover, he's got in twenty-five years; he's been leading our bowling team. Mike Gordon—he's past president—he owns a bar uptown, Sally and Mike's Bar—he's been here a good many years. And Joe Graf, he's got in twenty-four years. Our good mayor, Oran K. Gragson, has got in twenty-five years. Archie C. Grant is in the automobile business. He's an old-timer

here, a member of our Aerie here almost thirty-two years. The next one is the past president of our Aerie, he's vice-president of the state Aerie, Samuel Griffin, a twenty-six year member. And then is Leonard Hamp, he's got in twenty-four years. He had this nudist colony out here for years and years. He's no different than a lot of other Eagles. Then we had Joe Hufford, he had in twenty-seven years. And then we had Thomas Jones, he's a past state president—he got in twenty-seven years. William Kelsey, he's a past president—he got in twenty-one years. Then, of course, there's Frank Kimball, twenty-six years; and Nelson Loudin—Lonnie Loudin—he's got in fifteen years. He's past president, too. Then, there's Angelo Manzi—he's a past president—he's got in twenty years. Guy Mathis has got in thirty-two years. Sebastian Mikulich had the transfer business in this town, you know; he's got in forty years. And then there's this McCullough—Tom McCullough—he's a past president. He's the one that give the help to the Comstock Aerie that time. He's got in fifteen years. John A. McDonald—he's got in twenty-one years; he's an old-timer. He used to run the dancing up there at Lorenzi's—that's long before he joined the Eagles, too, but then we had a nice time. Then there's Thomas J. McLaughlin, who was secretary of our Aerie for quite awhile. He got in twenty-six years. Emil Pahor—he's a machinist, has a sheet metal works uptown, a member for twenty-four years. Gene S. Parks, his wife was Ann Parks—she's dead now—he's got in thirty-seven years. Charles R. Phillips—he's got in thirty-one years. Louis Pico, who is a past president of the Aerie—he's got in thirty-eight years.

Now some more of these old ones that I've known here. Here's Wally Sorenson, he's our secretary, he's got in twenty-eight years. And then Floyd Snyder, he's got in thirty-one years.

Ernie Sandquist from Searchlight, he's got in twenty-two years. James G. Ryan, he's one of our commissioners, here; he's got in twenty-five years. Harry Stockhouse, who drove a transfer wagon back and forth on the road—he got in twenty-eight years. Henry St. Almond—him and his wife, he's an old-timer—he's got in thirty-three years. Charlie Stankus, who's a past president of our Aerie—he's got in fifteen years. Harold J. Stocker, who runs the hotel uptown and has for years, he's got in twenty-nine years. Ernest K. Thacker, he's got in twenty-four years. H. C. Treat, who run the trailer camp out here in North Las Vegas, he got in twenty years. Clyde Wilson, he's got in fifteen years. That's about all I can call off and tell you something about them. There's a lot of members—I know them, yes, but I don't know anything about them, that's the trouble.

This association of so many years has brought me into contact with all these people so much. What makes them join this organization? Well, some of them join it for the friendship and others so they can make contacts with other people, you see—which is all right, but, I, myself, I just can't figure out why just because you know a person..... As long as I've known some people, I don't go up and ask them for help. Of course, if they come to me, I give it to them. I've never went up and asked a person anything.

What do the Eagles mean to me? Well, we have helped people, like I said before, in town here. I was up in the hall one time when I was president the first time—and one of the boys that had worked for me was outside here at old Jim Ladd's pool hall, way out there about where Tenth and Eleventh Street is. It was way out in the country at that time. And I was in the hall and one of the deputy sheriffs come up to the hall, and I says, "What is it?"

And he come up to me and he says, "One of your boys out there was just killed." Well,

come to find out, he was the boy all right, but he didn't belong to the Eagles. But the Eagles went to the bat and helped out and paid for his funeral and stuff. Eagles do things—like I said before—we're people helping people, but we don't look for credit for that. That's why I hated to see anything in the paper about it, because we don't let people know what we do. It's good to belong to something like that.

I belonged to the Elks for a long, long time, but they've never done as much for me as the Eagles have done—you know what I mean. But I've been an Eagle longer than I've been an Elk—a whole lot. But if you want to do a person any good, you should do it now instead of waiting. That's the truth. I got into the Eagles because I like them, the same with the Knights of Pythias. I'm past chancellor of Knights of Pythias, the Elks, the Eagles, the Lions Club, all those things. I belonged to so many of them one time I thought the wife was going to divorce me because I was never home half the time, but she never said anything.

Well, that's all I can tell you in regards to the Eagles themselves. Of course, there's places where we have been, and had lots of fun at different state conventions, and stuff. Some people think joining the Eagles is just a way to have fun, but from what Jimmy Durante has told us, the Grand Aerie said that it's almost like not letting your right hand know what your left is doing. In other words, you're helping people, but don't tell them about it, you know. That's a funny thing, that's what I tell you, the Eagles don't believe in bragging on what they do.

Jimmy Durante is an Eagle. He has this—the last two years now, they have a project under him. Let's see, it's for the crippled children, I think. The Jimmy Durante fund for crippled children. And Joe Louis belongs, and he's the head of the muscular dystrophy project. And then they have the Max Baer

Heart Fund, which is, you know—Max Baer died, but the Grand Aerie distributes that heart fund money, and all these charity moneys that they collect for muscular dystrophy, or heart, or any—whatever—there is no overhead connected. Every penny goes for the charity. Now they've made two or three grants of \$25,000 apiece to the City of Hope, and they made one grant of \$25,000 to the Rose de Lima for cancer research. They do a lot of good work.

They always say that Eagles are people helping people. So that's why I say they don't let the right hand know what the left one's doing.

The Eagles Aerie and the auxiliary both started this Muscular Dystrophy chapter here in Las Vegas, and I don't know how many patients they're taking care of, but the woman that's the head of the chapter now, she's the president, and has been for three years, she's a past president of the Eagles, too, that's Scotty Bergh. You saw her picture in the paper, where they donated out of their fund, a thousand dollars to the Easter Seals. See, because we support the Muscular Dystrophy, and we support the Easter Seals, too. We supported a child for a number of years. You know, just that much money. That's just a few of the charities. But that is local charity here, you know, patient care here. And our money doesn't go away from here, it stays here and goes for patient care. Of course, the Heart money goes to national and they distribute it from there, but it still goes for research. But, as I say, we're not people that's looking for credit; we do it. Like I told you about that [newspaper] picture there, if I wanted any credit, I'd be right out in front. You see? I don't know why it is, but it's one of those things. You do something, and then you're ashamed to stand up and take credit. Believe me, if you do something crooked, they get you!

Well, in all my years in Vegas here, I don't owe anybody anything, and I don't want them to owe me. I get along—I don't think—I got an enemy in the town—I really don't. I try to treat everybody right and, like I say, I like to be treated that way myself.

The Eagles lodge property was bought from the railroad company in 1908. I think it was sold for what the railroad company got for it—about \$800. Yes, that was in 1908. We put up a building there in 1929, and the Eagles moved in at that time. And the first president was my good friend, Harley A. Harmon, a wonderful man to meet.

I'll tell you my favorite story about being an Eagle. I'll tell you what happened one time, in the hail. We were working up there and we were painting the hall inside. And it happened just like a lot of other accidents happen. We had the staging up there, and we fixed it up to get up to do the ceiling—it was quite a high ceiling—fifteen feet, and we only had a seven-foot ladder to reach it on. And we added a little bit more, and we put the plank across there—Tommy Jones and I and Johnny Bails. It was, I think, one Sunday, and we was none of us working, and we went up there to do it.

Well, one of the girls there was kidding Johnny Bails, and Johnny stepped off the plank without saying anything to us, you know, and after that happened, John said to me, "Well," he says, "why didn't you tell me that he was going to step out?"

I said, "I didn't know nothing about it."

Well, what happened when he stepped down, the whole thing went right out—and mashed the chairs and a lot of stuff that was on the floor, you know. And then after that he used to kid us all the time.

He said, "It's funny you people can't come here and work without having to bust the hail up. We asked you to paint it, not tear it down." Every time we'd go in the hail, he'd say,

"Hello, Destructive!" Every time we went in there, they always poked names at us. You do something, and then you're sorry you done it, and if you say anything, you get bawled out.

One time we went up there to—we had our first picnic. I think I suggested it. It was in 1906, we were out there to Lorenzi's, and there was a bunch of the officers—the women here, of course. At that time, our transportation was mostly by the people that had deliveries in town—McDonald was one of them. There were four or five wagons, and other people had horses and wagons themselves. We had it all set up, and we were not too far from where the water came into the creek that came down here that furnished water for the ranch and everything, you know, the old creek. And the people up there, when we had our banquet, instead of them taking the stuff and burning it up, they threw it out and a little wind come up. I'll tell you what started it, I think they had seen a coyote or something, you know, and the women folks was cleaning up the place—just dropped everything to run. Well, it got into the water, you know, and came down through there, and they said, "I thought the Eagles were pretty clean with their work, but," he says, "the way the stuff come down the creek, must have a dirty bunch up in there." And from then on they called us "dirty rats." Kidding, you know, no harm done.

The saddest thing that ever happened to me as an Eagle was when Dad died. He'd been an Eagle for years and years; in fact, he was a charter member of the Aerie, you know. And I'd done the work up in the hall for him, the extra work up on that ceiling up above, in the Eagles hall, thirty some-odd dollars worth to pay his dues up. Well, thirty dollars to pay him up, to put him in good standing again. Then about two months later, he passed on. And they didn't want to stand the expense. Well, it kind of burnt me up, really, to think that he'd

been a member all those years —until 1929, and this was about '34. He died in March, 1934. I remember because my youngest daughter was born in December of that same year, in '34. See—that's what kind of made it bad. I don't know—I shouldn't hold it against the lodge, but then, the lodge is not to blame for what some—two or three—men do. You know, nobody said a word to me about it, but it kind of burnt me up. But I overlooked it. If they didn't owe me anything more than that, I just said, "Well, I'll get by." And I have. I am a life member of the Eagles also since 1939.

BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS

Now, I've got some thirty-two years in the Elks—will have thirty-three in April, and I think I should get a life membership at over thirty years. I think the first exalted ruler—I think they were instituted in 1932—'33—along in there somewhere—Harley A. Harmon was the first exalted ruler. And then we had another one in there—Judge William E. Orr, he was the second exalted ruler. I think the third one was Ham—A. H. Ham—I forget his first name—Areatues—something like that, I couldn't pronounce it anyway—Ham. And the next one was, I think, Oran Ike Adcock, and then, I don't know—from then on down, it would be C. V. J. Gilbert—on the Westside. And then there was W. R. Thomas who had the picture show here; that's all I know. These are the first.

I've done the work for them up in the old hall up there; that's when I joined in '34, '35. And then they stayed there for a while. That building was up over the top of where Adcock had his furniture store. Well, he had his merchandise down below and up above it was where they met—the Eagles and the Elks. Eagles met up there at the same time

for dances and stuff. That's when I joined the Elks at that time. And then they went down to their new place—down there at Third and Fremont, across from Third and Fremont—a hotel- was in there. I helped him work on that hotel. I didn't have the contract, but a fellow that worked for me had the contract. Him and I done that work. I done a lot of work for the Elks through the efforts of Jim Cashman. That's what kind of burnt me up thinking that they didn't give me a life membership quite a while back. Because there's something pulled somewhere.

I enjoy the Elks as much as the Eagles, but I've never been as active in the Elks, you know, as I have been in the Eagles, because—through my dad being in there as a charter member, and working, too, with them, and then trying to get in—and even when I lied about my age down in Searchlight, why, I couldn't make it either. So, coming back, after I joined I was very active, or tried to be. Like I tell you, I've always tried to do everything I possibly could, but I like to be treated, myself. I never brag over what I done—that's one thing that I don't do.

Do I have some kind of a story that means the Elks to me? Well, when they laid the cornerstone—at the corner of the building—just before they instituted the building, Charlie Bush and myself was working outside there, and they was going to dedicate the building at that time by placing the cornerstone. Well, I had my ladders and stuff up above it, you know, and we tore them all down and took them around the side of the building. But I didn't think about untying the rope up above, that held part of the canopy over it. Well, I think that the fellow next door that had the real estate office at that time—either the kid or somebody—got up there. We was just about two-thirds through with the ceremony when this thing dropped

down and come down and hit over the side of the building and rolled onto the floor. It didn't hurt anything, but it did kind of look bad for us fellows, to pull a stunt off like that. I think that was what was the matter—the kid next door pulled this rope loose. And this blanket come down, kind of a square piece to keep the weather off the cornerstone. We put it up in there and they dropped it, and they kidded me about it all the way through. That's where I got that nickname, "Droopy" all the time. But that's about the only thing that I can remember happened down there.

I did do a lot of work down at the old stadium. A lot of that was gratis work. And, you know, a while back I seen an article in the paper here, where the unions was raising the trouble with the Elks because they figured they wasn't getting paid for what they were doing. Yet that was quite an asset to the city, too, because that parade was a wonderful thing. I don't know, but it's just like everything else. You start something like that, and they think you're making too much money on it, or not getting treated just right, then they begin to crawfish about it. The Elks gave me a life membership the seventh day of November, 1968.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS

I've been active in the Knights of Pythias. I would like to tell about that. I joined them in Los Angeles. I don't know—that was about 1914. I stayed there for a year or so and then came back out here. I had a transfer card here and transferred to Las Vegas. Of course, my dad belonged to that, too. He belonged in Long Beach before ever I did, a long time. I wasn't old enough to at that time, but he come out and afterwards he went in with Judge Orr and I believe it was Harley A. Harmon.

Then we had a fellow there—oh, Roland Wiley—he was also active. I told him before he

went in there that—of course, I don't belong to it now—about "making the jump." It's one of those things we have in there, you know, part of the initiation. And he wouldn't do it, so they made him do it—had him worried, you know. What it is—it's a diamond-shaped business, and it's got a lot of steel spikes in it. And you're supposed to jump it. And when you jump it, the blades are nothing but rubber. But he wouldn't do it, and they just threw him on it, and it made him mad—took his pants, you know. I'll never forget that as long as I live!

I was the keeper of records and seals—I guess for a year and a half. We had at that time Charlie Stone—he was the county recorder, I think, at one time—he joined. The church out there—he was a minister at one time here. He was in there. We had about thirty or thirty-three—not a big order. We used to meet down in the basement of the courthouse for a long time, and met up over the top of an old hall there—in 1915 and '16, and then we met down in the basement under what was called the Apache Hotel—now it's called the Horseshoe. That's where the Elks met, too, at the same time. We had that part of the hall rented for two or three months, or something like that until we had the other place fixed, and then we met up in our own hall. That's where we met for quite a while. I think we initiated about eight or nine members in there while I was here.

INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD FELLOWS

I will tell about the Odd Fellows lodge here. I've been through the chairs—all the way through. I've gone as high as I can go, now—I'm going to retire a Lieutenant Colonel in the "army." They call it "the army." They meet out at Boulder City now the first Monday of the month. But I haven't been out there for so long, I've just been busy and I haven't had

it. I never was a grand master—I was only deputy grand master.

Then I was the same as a trustee, they call it—it's a manager, you know, for the Lions Club. We used to have dinner every noon—you know, every Wednesday noon, and then they finally decided to hold it in the evening. Well, I had other lodges to do at the same time, and tried to serve the Odd Fellows. Well, it kind of made it bad for me. I wasn't trying to get out of going to the meals, because I usually ate at home Wednesday nights, before I'd go to lodge. That's one of the reasons why I quit the Lions Club because it interfered with Odd Fellows, and it was more of a social affair, you know—you pay for your meal each night there. Of course, they were nice—furnishing eye glasses for the kids, and all that stuff, that's part of their project.

I don't know, when you're wrapped up in so many orders like that, it's a wonder the wife didn't get a divorce, because I wasn't home half the time. And she's stay up till one or two o'clock in the morning and I got her into the habit of doing it and now she don't go to bed till late. She gives me the devil because she says, well, I got her in the habit of doing it. Well, maybe I did, I don't know, I couldn't help it—I didn't want to stay out that late, myself.

Well, I'll tell you, I sometimes think the wife should have got a divorce from me because I belonged to seven different organizations, besides the auxiliary, and I was never home enough to really say that I was the husband at the house. So, I thought to myself, "I'll have to quit some of them." And I eventually did. I've got down now to where I belong to three of them, and no auxiliary. I even pulled out of that—I used to belong to the Modern Woodmen; they had an auxiliary here. And I pulled out of that. And then, also, the Rebeccas, the Knights of Pythias . . . Well, my wife belonged, I think, to the Knights of

Pythias at one time, herself, until they moved out to Boulder City.

When you belong to so much that you can't do any of them any good, it's best to quit—that's what's the matter with me. I'm wrapped up now—I don't even go to the Odd Fellows lodge—I go to the Elks and the Eagles, but I haven't been to the Elks but twice this year. The Odd Fellows Lodge has made me a life member as of June 1, 1968.

MEMORIES OF FRIENDS AND FAMILY; CONCLUSIONS

Some of the friends I have known. The Honorable Key Pittman, and his brother, Vail—an old friend of mine, too. I met Key in Tonopah in 1907, and his brother, Vail, I met in Ely, also, at about the same time. He was the publisher of the paper there.

Mr. Floyd D. Smith, who was public administrator and fire chief of Las Vegas Fire Department, he came here in 1905—and he built the old Palace Hotel, which he conducted until 1912. The Eagles met there for two or three years. He was also a charter member of the Eagles.

The Honorable J. Emmet Walsh, past district attorney of Esmeralda County, he holds the chair of exalted ruler of the Elks lodge, and deputy grand president of the Eagles lodge for the southern part of the state. We had lots of long talks together.

A man by the name of Clark Guild, I believe, was the county recorder and auditor of Lyon County, and born March 13, 1887—that's the same year I was born, March 30, 1887. His father came west in 1850, and he later returned to St. Louis, Missouri, and

recrossed the plains in 1883. And that's the time my mother crossed, and I have talked with Mr. Clark about it—about all this in one of our talks in the Knights of Pythias and in the Eagles lodge. A Mr. Frank M. Grace was here at the sale of lots in 1905. He was vice president and clerk of the sale of the lots of the SP, LA & SL railroad.

I worked for Mr. Walter Bracken and his wife, Annie. That was in the latter part of May, 1905. She was the daughter of Hiram Johnson of Eureka.

The Honorable Henry M. Lillis—him and my dad have had long talks about their families' backgrounds in Wisconsin. He erected lots of the nice homes and many of the substantial business places.

Mr. Roy Lockett was here and built the first little house that I remember at Bridger and South First, the southeast corner.

And Mr. Frank A. Dorothy I met down in Searchlight in 1908. He was trying to run a newspaper, and looking after the affairs of the Eagles, which went on the rocks after two years 'time—the secretary ran off with \$268 of dues.

The Honorable John S. Fuller, I have known since 1905, and I painted his home at the same time I did the Standard Oil station for his brother, and a home for Dean R. Lowe, owner of the Prince mine—just a mile south of Pioche. This was before he served his judgeship in old Las Vegas.

An old friend of mine was Harley A. Harmon. He was the first county clerk of Clark County. He had the distinction of leading one of the first trains that came into Las Vegas in 1905. He left San Bernardino in 1907 to live here. He was a man I really like and had said to me lots of times, "If you need any help, Charlie, just holler."

And Mr. Charles Norris and Mr. C. M. McGovern I met through Harley A. Harmon—they are railroad workers and his daughter married Harley A. Harmon.

Mr. Henry W. Fuller was here prior to 1905, and was identified in the selling of town lots here in Las Vegas, and also he has the credit of building the first brick building at First and Fremont Streets—that's the old White Cross Drugstore that belonged to William Ferron.

And another Fuller, a Dr. Leroy Fuller, was one of the leading physicians in Las Vegas and a great friend of Dr. Roy W. Martin—known to me as Royce Wood Martin. That's his name; I know a lot of people don't know that.

And, Mr. William P. Hatton, of the law firm of Hatton and Hatton. I met William D. Hatton when he was grand master of the Knights of Pythias lodge.

John Conklin, I met him up in Meadow Valley in 1910 and 1911, during the big rain that washed out most of the bridges from Elgin to Rox on the SP, LA & SL railroad. I believe he was selected as commissioner for two years, from 1911 to 1913.

Mr. W. E. Hawkins, whose house I painted on the southwest corner of Fifth and Ogden.

I have known him since 1905. He was in the mercantile business and his wife worked along with him. She was a Miss Stella Pauff. I also know her father and mother and her two brothers. W. E. Hawkins was a Democrat and had been elected chairman of the board of commissioners of Lincoln County, and, when Clark County was erected, he was given the same office, which he held until 1910. He was one of the committee to draft the charter for the town of Las Vegas. He also was a candidate for mayor, but lost.

Now, let's see—this is some of the old-timers and their professions: Mr. Peter and his brother Frank Buol came to Las Vegas in May, 1904, and was engaged in the insurance and real estate business. From July 6, 1909, to 1911, he was elected mayor of Las Vegas for a two-year term. He was U. S. Commissioner from 1905 to 1914 or '15, and was the first man in the valley to set out a commercial orchard. He was also the first man to develop artesian water and put down the first well, illustrating the fact that wells could be brought in Las Vegas. Frank Buol, his brother, was a cook by trade and he helped Peter out at times. He was a Mason, you know, and did a lot of work for the Masons, as a secretary, etc.

A Mr. Henry M. Lillis came to Las Vegas in May, 1905, and erected many of the substantial businesses and homes in Las Vegas. He was first appointed and then elected justice of the peace, of which he served three terms. In April, 1912, he was elected a member of the school board for a long term.

The first bread bakers in this town lived in a large tent on the Westside, and run by two men—A. M. Belgen, and a Mr. Art Williams.

Richard H. Ham, an attorney and his brother, Elmer H. Ham, he was a railroad conductor here for the railroad, from 1905. He had the reputation of pulling the first train

into Las Vegas; that is, the first passenger train on the SP, LA & SL railroad.

George E. Lane was the one that went out on the Colorado River, you know. He was a claim jumper and he got what was coming to him anyway. This is the one whom I went down to the river with.

I have known the Foleys, Roger and his wife, for a good many years, and the five boys. They rented a place from my dad and myself; it was 326 South First Street. I think it was in 1928. The boys' names are Thomas, George, Roger, John, and Joseph, and they are nice people to know.

I met James Cashman in Searchlight in 1907, and did work for him on his garage. At that time, we—my dad and Charles French, moved an old building there on his land. Moved an old building into Las Vegas with a large wagon and four horses. It only is forty-eight or fifty miles, but it was some job. Believe me, I have had lots of dealings with Jim and young Jim, and since 1910, after he moved with Las Vegas from Searchlight. They're nice people, too.

Jim Cashman, and C. C. Boyer, and William J. Stewart as county commissioners—I recall many incidents where they worked together in interest to save money for the taxpayers.

And Mr. Frank Strong, who I met in the Meadow Valley Wash in 1910, during the big wash there. I and another fellow, a lad by the name of John Chambers, worked up there during the flood. I worked as a pile driver, and we were working straight hours—twelve to fourteen hours a day. I slipped and fell down some twenty-five or thirty feet into the creek and they had to send me to Las Vegas, along with some six or seven members who were hurt also.

The Beckley's—Jake and Will, I have known since 1905. Jake came here along with Ed Von Tobel. Bill, I believe, came here

in 1908 and opened a store in part of Mr. John Miller's building which is the Sal Sagev Hotel. Jake worked for Ed Von Tobel where he opened a lumber yard on South Main Street, between Carson and Bridger.

The Lakes, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Lake, I have known since 1905. Mr. R. E. Lake cut my hair down on the old creek bank. He charged me thirty-five cents for a haircut, twenty-five cents for a shave.

Florence Lee Jones, John Cahlan's wife, made a report on the old Engine No. 4442, which was given to the city for the 1905 birthday party, to be presented at Fantastic Park. She also mentioned Mr. R. E. Lake and Mrs. J. T. McWilliams, Ed Von Tobel, and myself, at the time.

Robert Raymond Russell is an old-timer here, operated the Apache Hotel at Second and Fremont Street, which is now the old Horseshoe.

P. A. "Pop" Simon, the owner of the Techaticup mine in El Dorado Canyon, he owned a service station and cottages at Jean, built by David Farnsworth. I think it was 1936 that his son Albert was killed in an auto accident, and Ralph rushed in to help—a piece of electric machinery without putting on his protective gloves, and he was killed by the shock. I knew Joyce and June. I think it was June who won the prize in the Helldorado parade on her dad's Texaco float. I did the work for him at the old Techaticup mine. I did lots of work for the Standard Oil Company, the Shell, the Union, and Richfield, and this one time I met the people I did so much work for. I did a Texaco station also at Third and Fremont, where his restaurant is now.

Here are two people I have known some fifty years; that's Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Scott of Lovelock, Nevada. Scotty was one of my best friends. God bless him.

SLEEP SOFTLY, "OLD EAGLE FORGOTTEN"

The Eagle that is forgotten is dedicated to the memory of A. H. Scott, "Scotty of Lovelock," and he told me of his sense of hurt and disappointment that the "Widow bereft of her pittance, and the boy without youth, the mocked and the scorned and the wounded, the lame and the poor, that should have remembered forever, remember no more."

To whom have they turned? On whom do they call? Answered Scotty! They call on the names of a hundred high valiant ones, a hundred white Eagles have risen, the sons of your sons. The zeal in their wings is a zeal you or their dreaming began. The valor that wore out your soul in the service of man.

This month's anniversary of the founding of this lodge should be dedicated to all past presidents and veteran members of our fraternity. And when we think of who were the Eagles that first fought for workman's compensation laws, who can call the roll of those Eagles who fought for Mother's Pension laws and for the right of the aged to a decent pension? The names of most of those who served in the Eagle Crusades of an earlier day have been obscured, by the thickening mist of receding years. Those Pioneers of Fraternalism and Freedom have many of them died and been forgotten. But the cause they served did not die, for it was the cause of human progress, with deep-hearted appreciation of the struggles and sacrifices of the thousands who are no longer with us, but who served the Order and its humanitarian programs in by-gone years. And I want to quote in closing a few lines to the forgotten Eagles.

Sleep softly, Eagle forgotten, under
the stone,
Time has its way with you there, and
the clay has its own.

Sleep on, O brave hearted. O wise
man,
That kindled the flame!
To live in- mankind is far, far more,
Than to live in a name.

C. W. Aplin

Here is one thing that I had forgotten to mention about a couple of nice people I have known for some forty-odd years. They live up in Wells, now. I think it was in 1925 or '26 that I met George Long. He lived next door to a man by the name of Charlie French, who lived down on Clark Street, and who was an old Eagle at that time. There was a fire that broke out right back of Charlie's place, and George and Charles were trying to put it out before the hose cart got there. I was working not too far from there on a home owned by Charles Ronnow, and went over to help him put the fire out. After the fire was out, I went next door to George's and he gave me a bottle of beer. He was a painter and we had a long talk about some things that he had done. George had just been here a short time, and I had asked him to help me on a few small jobs, which he did. And from there on, we have been good friends, George and Rose Long. George worked with me on the Eagle building and later on joined his wife, Rose, joined the Auxiliary. So it happens that Rose's birthday and mine are on the same day, the thirtieth. These are nice people to know, and we try an awful lot to get together on this occasion.

And C. D. Baker, ex-mayor of Vegas, here. I've known him; in fact, I've got awards that he give to me from the Eagles.

I also want to mention a good friend of mine—Murl Emery. He had a talk with me. He said that he had gone to Hess's camp, an old place that was run by a half-breed Indian, Frank Francis, as I have mentioned before. He said that he and a federal man had run all of

the moonshiners out of Hess's camp. Well, that was news to me. This happened after I had left. After talking with him about the conditions along the river and so on, and his life there, I don't think he would be able to live now in a home because he dislikes a roof over his head, and, from time to time, he would like to throw a blanket over his head and sleep under the stars. This friend of mine, Murl Emery, probably will never accept civilization as a proper way of life. So much for my good friend, Murl Emery.

I would like to say something about Sam Gay, the sheriff of Clark County. I believe it was in 1915 or '16, that the big jail break took place by two prisoners who were being held for burglary in Moapa. The desperadoes had attacked Under-Sheriff Roy Lockett with a table leg and beat him severely and taken his gun and left. But before escaping, the posse was found to recapture the escapees. Then this man was found a few hours later hiding in the brush north of town, about where the North Las Vegas city hall is now standing. And the second one, it took two or three days to capture him. He was on his way to Bonelli's Ferry, some sixty miles from Las Vegas. This was some of Sam Gay's work, and he was well liked by most of the people in upholding the law. He was one nice sheriff, Sam Gay.

I have two boys and two girls by my second wife. My first wife died in 1922, and my present wife, Hilda, and I were married in 1926. Charles, our first child, at this time is a scientist over in France, and I think to help them out with some electrical appliances. This is somewhat of a secret, I know; that's why I don't know any more about it than you do. His name is Charles Milton.

Billy (William), the second child, is now a retired chief in the Navy, and he lives up in Portland, Oregon. Thelma, the oldest girl, and her husband and their children live here in Las Vegas. Her husband is Ray Lanyon, and they

live out here at 2723 Balsam Street—out on the Tonopah highway. He is a fireman in the tire department. Their oldest boy is Buddy (Richard O'Neal). They also have Dennis and Laura—a girl. Nadine is the youngest of our two girls. She lives out of Portland, Oregon, and is married to James Brien.

I have two sisters and a brother-in-law. My oldest sister is Mary A. Clark, who lives in Los Angeles now and lost her husband four years ago. My youngest sister, Amy, and a brother-in-law by the name of Daniel McConnell, also live in Los Angeles.

CONCLUSION

I want to thank all of you for taking the time out and having the patience to listen to what I have had to say. And I want to thank all of my friends, in all of the different lodges that I have belonged to, for everything that they have done for the wife and myself. And it's nice to know an organization like the Eagles have a ritual about whose principles you can live by. Now, if you don't mind:

It's Great to be an Eagle

I am an Eagle, staunch and true,
because I want to be of service to my
fellow man, through our fraternity,
I want to help my brother when he
needs a helping hand, to let him know
I sympathize and try to understand,
I am an Eagle, real, sincere, because I
play a part In spreading happiness and
friendship from the heart.

Because I judge my neighbor, not by
his financial span, But by the noble
qualities that go to make a man, I am
an Eagle, first and last, because an
Eagle true, Is faithful unto his God,
his country, and to you.

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